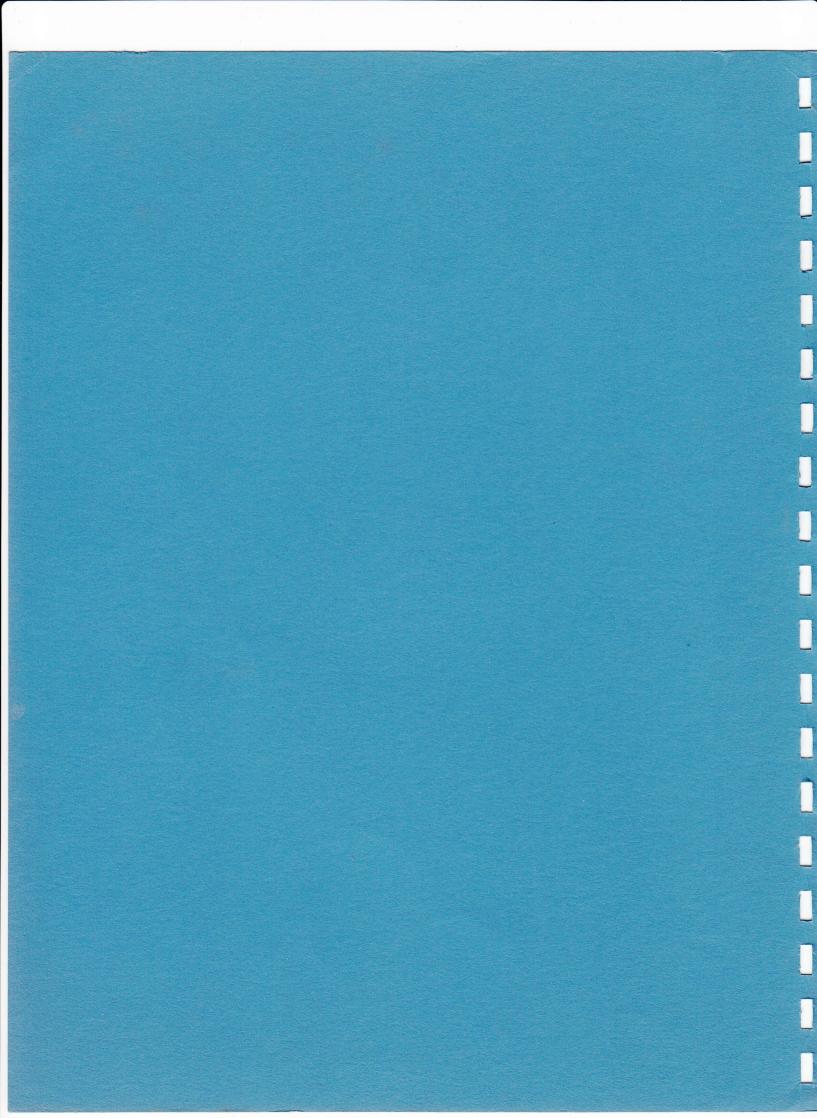
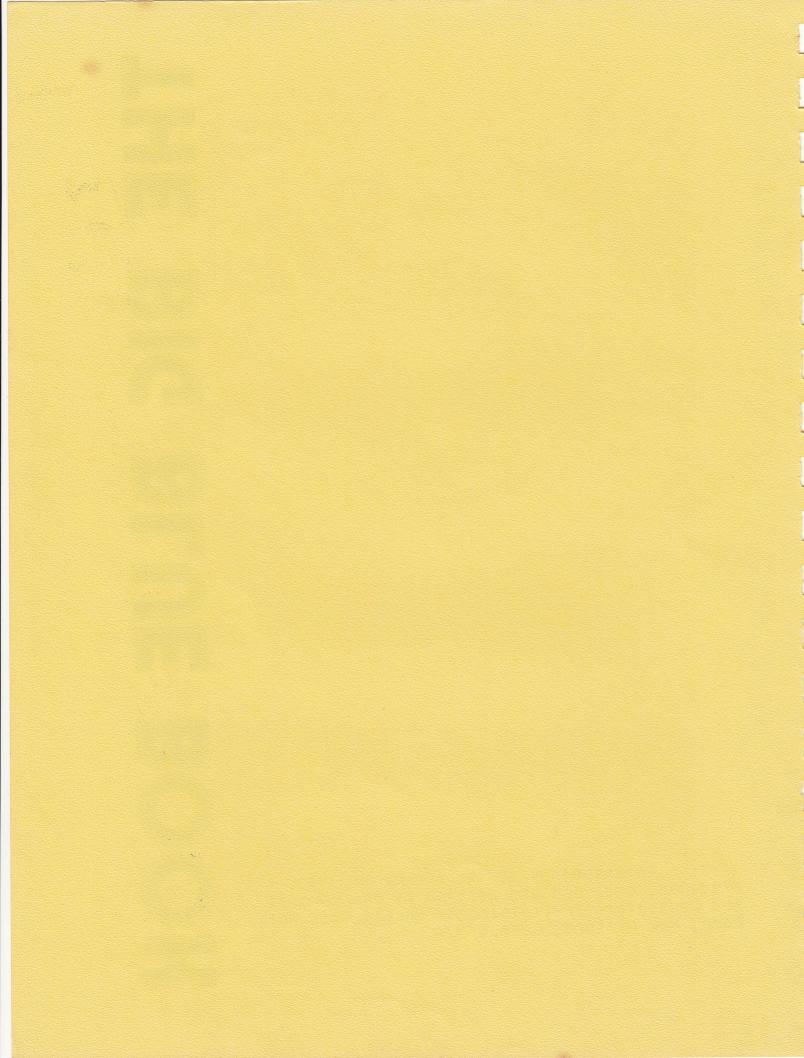
(0)0 00





An Anthology of the summer of 1973 produced, designed and written by the campers and Counselors-in-Training at Buck's Rock Work Camp, New Milford, Conn. 06776



It was a little over three weeks ago that I was sitting in the dining room, munching on one of the dinners, when a noodle slipped down the wrong pipe, temporarily asphyxiating me. As I choked and lost consciousness, my life flashed before my eyes. And in that brief moment I realized that my life was nothing. Pfft. All that I had achieved were mere trifles compared to the Higher Goals of Life. And now, to be snuffed out by a lousy noodie!

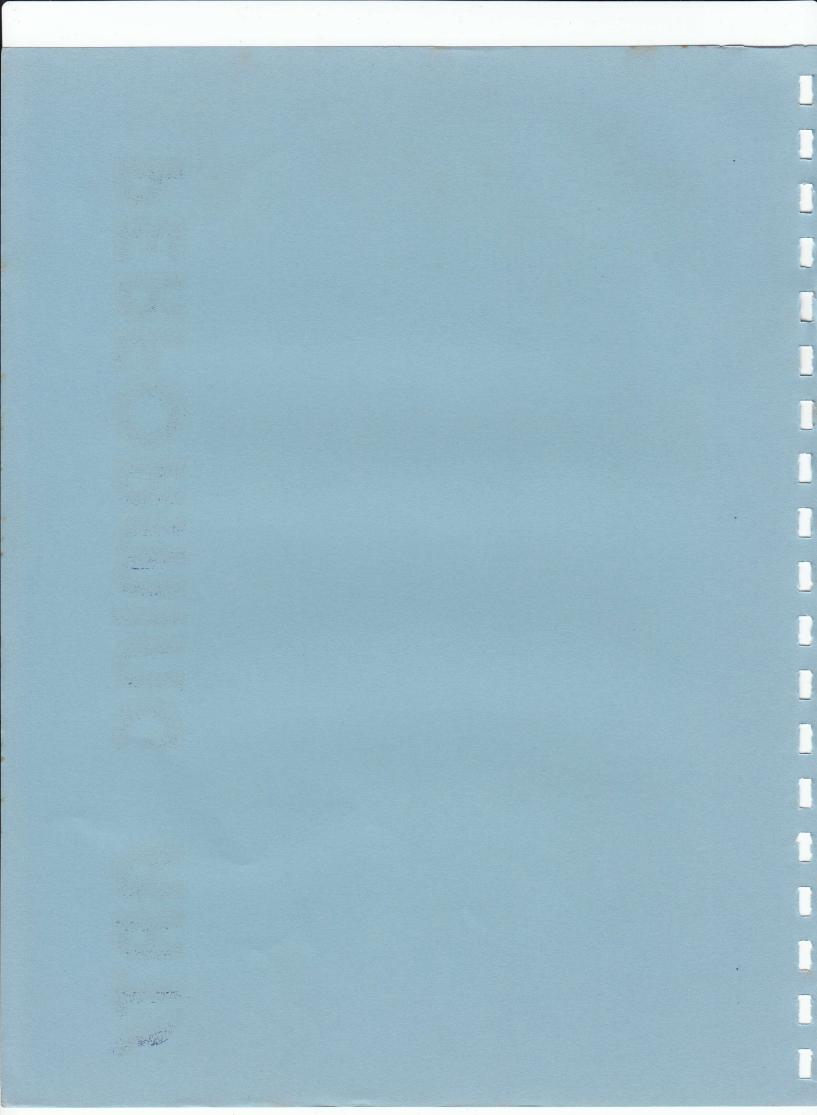
Some good samaritan sitting next to me got sick of the noises I was making and slapped me on the back, restoring me to health. I knew in an instant that I had to make something of my life. I knew that I wanted to be an editor, and I glanced up wistfully when they mentioned Yearbook, but I knew many better people who might get the job. So, I tried to be the Editor of the Cookbook. Lo and behold, I was refused. However, they offered me the Editorship of the Yearbook.

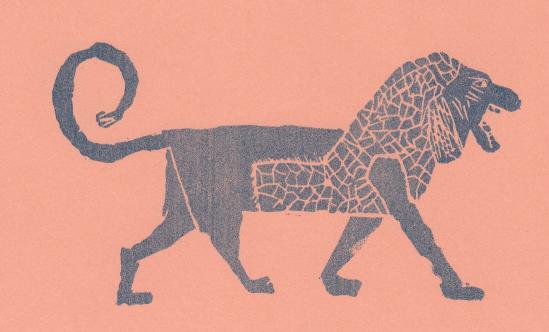
After looking through a few old Yearbooks, I noticed a pattern. Almost all of them dealt with Buck's Rock's spirit or the Buck's Rock philosophy. They tried to capture the philosophy of that year through profound words and pictures. I frankly didn't see how this could be done, as the Yearbook is started almost four weeks before the end of camp. You don't really get a perspective on the summer until about October.

I don't really understand what makes an editor become a philosopher, but as soon as you put pencil to paper the platitudes fly. I almost did it myself. Don't ask me why, but you feel that you have to write something worth inscribing on marble.

The Yearbook is simply views of camp from the inside. We aren't trying to be philosophers this time. In some of the articles the writers are rather cynical, and some are upset over certain subjects, but that's what happens when you have no perspective.

57114-12784 We tried to include a wide variety of writing styles; fiction and humor as well as articles. This way different individuals had a chance to be creative on the subject of camp. The Yearbook reflects the feelings, people and events of the summer as best we can. We've separated it into, more or less, four sections. That explains our Yearbook. But it still doesn't explain why I'm editor. tore my eyes. But in that brief moment i realized that me iffs that including a constitution. Pitt. All that I had acoleved were more thirties. Glenn J. Gers assistated bis abdem bouctone organist rest test to your earlies. set over certain subjects, but that's what happens when you







Dear Eddie,

Dance night was last night. The dancers have been rehearsing most of the summer, and the performance was beautiful. The set was a canvas backdrop, which was illuminated in various colors, and was, despite its simplicity, extremely effective.

As a new scene began, the dancers were lit only by the light from the backdrop in the rear, shielding their body in shadow. With thier faces hidden, they became abstract shapes and figures in a way that was brilliant, as well as classically dramatic.

The dances were interesting. With the possible exception of Martha Goldman's dance, which seemed more freeflowing and innovative, all of the dances were very precisely choreographed and danced, giving more a feeling of ballet than of modern dance. It's interesting how strong our tradition is of what to expect from a dance. Only rarely was there a break from a 90 degree bend or a pointed toe.

The extreme beauty of the performance brought something else to mind. Dance like choral music is such a conceit, making the body into a piece of art. I suppose that's true of any form of expression. It's just as arrogant for me to assume you'll be interested in what live written as for an artist to assume his paintings are worth looking at. Vanity is part of everything. It's an unfortunate neurosis. If I could write a novel and then burn it, I would be sane. I could never do it. Maybe l'm being too simplistic. Maybe art is intended for other people. I don't know.

The theater plays a big role at Buck's Rock. There is a Summer Theater which puts on three highly professional and magnificently costumed plays in the summer. The first two plays were "Beggar on Horseback", by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, and "Pots of Money" by Eugene Labiche. and A. Delacour. The third play is a beautiful romantic fantasy called "Ondine", written by Jean Giradoux. It's the play live always wanted to be in. It reminds me of a play version of "The Little Prince". There is a scene at the end of the play which, in a romantically spiritual way, is just this side of sentimentality. It is beautiful. Another play I've always wanted to be in was presented last night. The Actor's Workshop put on a production of "The Glass Menagerie". There were no props and only simple costumes, but the combination of a magnificent play with some spectacular acting resulted in a marvelous production. Laura in particular was played magnificently. Even after I had read and seen the play twice, it was hard not to cry. What boring letters I write. Write soon.

。0.1683 中的方面

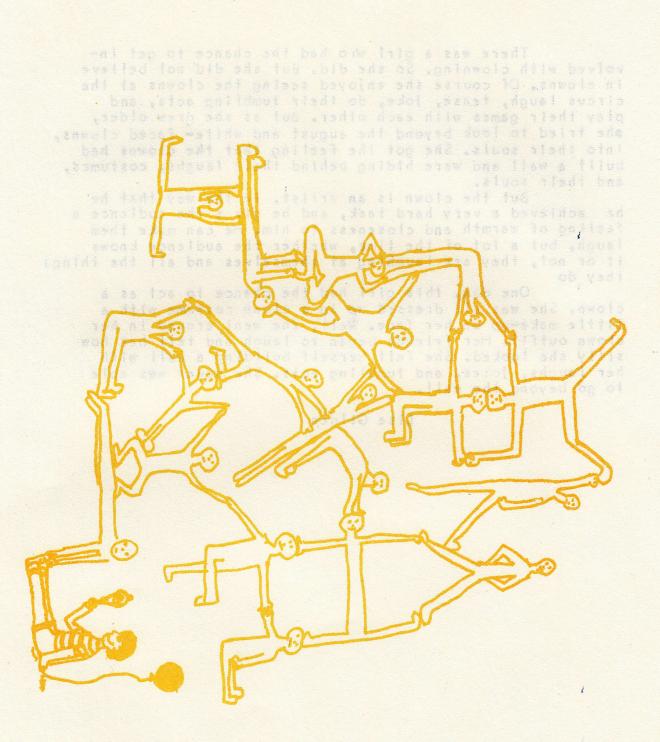
The mast even arrosed only the notes on the medical contents of the temporal continues of the temporal contents of

Adi vo vino fil arem arababa el lingua emblea men E am mi puol filli galbialdo likas vat el comitaci pal ment tingil comen lagilmos manamentente la mentente la comitaci della propada vilentione de riches de ligitalista del real mentente la comitación del ligitamente

autinate efficience of the control o

The court of the control of the court or make a court of the court of

The standard process of the at the at the standard part of the attention of the standard part of the attention of the attenti



THE CLOWNS

There was a girl who had the chance to get involved with clowning. So she did. But she did not believe
in clowns. Of course she enjoyed seeing the clowns at the
circus laugh, tease, joke, do their tumbling acts, and
play their games with each other. But as she grew older,
she tried to look beyond the august and white-faced clowns,
into their souls. She got the feeling that the clowns had
built a wall and were hiding behind their laughs, costumes,
and their souls.

But the clown is an artist, in the way that he ha achieved a very hard task, and he gives the audience a feeling of warmth and closeness to him. He can make them laugh, but a lot of the time, whether the audience knows it or not, they are laughing at themselves and all the things

they do

One day, this girl had the chance to act as a clown. She was all dressed up in a clown costume with a little make-up on her face. Well, she went around in her clown outfit. Her friends began to laugh and tell her how silly she looked. She felt herself building a wall with her laughs, jokes, and tumbling acts. She never was able to go beyond the wall.

Lisa Gilden

A MORLO OF

Every Tuesday evening since the start of the summer I have made time in my busy schedule to go to a pantomime class, given by Hana Topor. The classes were always enjoyable and very refreshing. Each class seemed to follow a well-set pattern: first we would do exercises, some of which were quite challenging. Next we would do a relaxation exercise. After a tiring day of slip- sheeting, and other such activities that require much exertion, this can be very relaxing. Going over the homework came in its course, and proved very delightful, "Homework" was a specific pantomime scene Hana had asked us to work on. Watching how different people reacted to the assignment proved fascinating. Then came the "lesson for the day." The fun never left, though. One week we dug without shovels; another time we were telephones. In this part of the class we learned different pantomime techniques, such as "inclination" and "double takes." Last of all we would do some kind of fun, free for all, group exercise which gave everyone a good laugh. Once we all tried to be a bridge and another time we turned into a monstrous mechanical machine. Because pantomime is a new thing at Buck's Rock, we thought an interview with Hana would be interesting.

- Q. How did you first come to Buck's Rock?
- A. Through Fred Yockers. A suggestion was made to me that I go to camp; Freddie's camp specifically because I happened to be talking about Freddie, that night. So I contacted him and asked him about the possibility.
- Q. How do you feel about teaching teenagers?
- A. Well, it is different from what I've been doing. I've taught adults, and I've taught younger children, but I haven't ever taught teenagers. I didn't realize how very different they would be from

out of inanimate objects and inanimate scenes with people becoming things. What happened was that the kids really seemed to enjoy it, so we did more and more of it. For festival I hope to do a whole lot of machines with people from the pantomime class. One class we worked on a sewing machine.

O. Do you feel the kids react well to the class, the pantomime, and the things you are trying to teach?

I think they react tremendously well. They seem to do what every teacher dreams of: to catch on. They seem to understand and comprehend what I'm telling them, to let it excite them, and to get up in their enthusiasm and do it. They all do very different things sometimes, but that's quite o.k. I've asked them to do some things that were difficult to do some things that seemed out of their realm, and even to do somethings that may have seemed outrageous, and they've done them all, they've done them successfully. They've come up with one after another partiful pantomime. Sometimes ! regret that more people can't sit outside and watch everybody else perform but unfortunately, they're usually too busy performing. I'm very pleased about it. I also want to make a note that they do perform well as a group, as well as individuals. I've managed to get 2 and 3 people, who are total strangers to each other to work successfully on a pantomime, so I was pleased about that too.

Q. How do you relate pantomime to clowning?

A. Well pantomime is a part of clowning and clowning is a part of pantomime. As a clown I talk but I use my body in a very pantomimic way, and the training I've had as a pantomime is enormously valuable. When I do pantomime, clowning comes in handy, because it gives me a feeling for the broadness of comedy that I don't think I would have had. Pantomimes usually don't go as far into slapstick and as far into broad comedic, physical effects as clowns do. I relate them very strongly, but I would say that one of the reasons I enjoy pantomime so much: teaching it and learning it is that there's an equality of emotion in pantomime that I do not really find in clowning. Clowning is, after all, limited to comedy.

Q. Have you done any pantomime professionally?

They're very different; they're a world of their own. They are quite separate, distinct people. They are separate and distinct people, one from each other too. I like it. I find that as a class of people they are more apt to be bananas than any other class I've taught, but when I treat them individually, which is what I try to do with everybody that I teach, I find them to be "people" people. The also tend to very bright and very inventive and that's lovely for pantomine.

O. What is pantomine?

A. Pantomine is one of the oldest arts in the world and also one of the newest. Pantomine to me, and I think that each teacher will define it differently, is the art of speaking without words, and acting without words. It is related to the classic form of mime that was re-introduced to the world by Etienne de Croux in the 1920's, but it is not the world of mime. It is strongly related to acting, but because it uses no words, it is quite different from acting. It is a physical form which is concrete, and thereby I think it dissociates itself also from dance. It deals with the concrete. It deals with the concrete object whether the object is real, or whether the mind creates the illusion of the object for you. It deals with concrete situations, concrete emotions ... I've run out of concretes.

Q. What are you trying to teach in your classes here?

Mell, originally I was going to cover a great dea! more of pantomime than I found myself having time to do. Let me tell you exactly what I have been teaching. I planned to have people undertake a good, solid, physical, mimetic warm-up, and I ve done that every single class. This tones the body, tunes the body, gets one into shape to do a pantomime, and perhaps gets them to feel better during the day. This also gets them accustomed to taking execise that is not horrible, but that they might enjoy. The response to that was very good. Many people seemed to be coming to the classes only for the physical warm-up, which in a way was good, in a way was bad, but it was interesting.

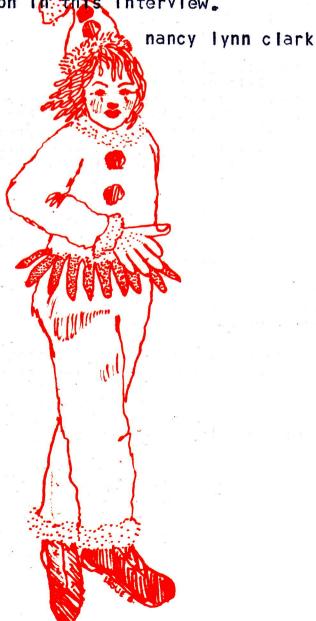
l've explored character in pantomime here at Buck's Rock to a certain extent and people seem to like that very much; playing other people. Of course there was illusion to; exploring different illusions like digging without a shovel. I think more than anything else I've done here, is explored the acting

A. Yes, I have. In New York I did pantomimes under a very, very fine director, Mark Epstein. I acted in a pantomime, a play called the "Mystery of Elcha." This is a I4 century mystery play, bought over from Spain. It is done every year by a very eminent American musicologist, and Mark directed the pantomime. I played the Virgin Mary in that. I worked for Mark in several other instances too. In France I began doing comic pantomime in night clubs. The one 4 remember best was called the "Omelet" because it used so many eggs.

Q. Any additional comments?

A. Just that I'm grateful to the people at Buck's Rock for responding so well, and for learning so well, and for making me feel as though we communicated well.

I would like to thank Hana very much for her co-operation in this interview.



d musical solutions of the second solutions and second solutions are second solutions. The second solutions are second solutions and second solutions are second solutions and second solutions are second solutions.

Violin bows are lifted. Flutes are raised to the lips. Mouths placed on shining brass surfaces. The conductor steps up onto the podium and raises his hands into position. As the music begins, my journey starts.

The minute the sounds begin to vibrate through my mind, am suddenly transported into other lands. The places I visit all depend on the music and instruments being played. When I hear the silver-colored flutes I am immediately taken to a farge, open field with tall hedges of green grass growing free-iy. The site is tranquil and I walk amongst the vivid colored lilies, fragrant with sunlight. And as the song of the flutes fades away, the birds flee too, off into the sun.

Then the bass drums join in and my thoughts are pulled to a summer rainstorm. The dark clouds look down in anger. The harsh rain is flooding the seeds beneath the soil. Then at last it reaches its crescendo. A moment of silence is heard.

As the rain begins to mellow, I turn to the soothing tunes of the violin and I am comforted.

Suddenly my visions cease. The sound of applause wakes me and I realize I am now in the world of reality...once again.

Carol Bucholtz

ROB GERSTEIN

Rob Gerstein's sets have become a traditional part of the Buck's Rock Summer Theatre scene. They are usually very simple, yet they manage to look complicated; they are cleverly designed, leaving a lot of space for the actors; and they always manage to fit in with the mood of the play.

Rob has been coming to Buck's Rock for eleven years. He started out in Printing and Publications, when the shops were combined.

"I was a junior counselor of layout and design. Actually, I spent the entire summer working in the Rec Hall on the music book. Except I didn't know anything about how to write music. It came out pretty terribly. I was copying from an old songbook which had mistakes in it and I was compounding them with my own mistakes; that first year I never got to see anything of Buck's Rock because I spent the entire summer in there. In fact, Lou Simon didn't know whether to recomend me for the following year because he never saw me."

Rob worked in the shop for two years. In the city, he became interested in marionettes, and worked with puppeteer Richard Gallo. When he came back to Buck's Rock, the following year, he started the Marionette Shop.

"It was a very beautiful experience for everyone involved. What was so nice about it was that puppetry is such
an opening kind of experience. Rather than with acting, where
you internalize everything, puppetry is sort of externalizing
and projecting the life into an inanimate object and to a great
extent, disassociating yourself from it."

The Marionette Shop was in the Rec Hall (except, of course, on Wednesdays) and the first year it was workshop oriented, rather than production oriented. Rob still remembers some of the puppets. "There was a Winnie-the Pooh, a penguin, a turtle and a sandman." The second year, the shop put on a play. "The script was from what was basically a Medusa story-'The Terrible Head.' " There was a dragon with

snakes in her hair and three blind Ice Witches, who shared one eye. According to Rob, it was successful. The stage was the entrance to the Rec Hall, and everyone sat on the ground. The Marionette Shop became very well known, and a favorite Buck's Rock spot.

Rob still makes puppets, and has worked with Bil Baird. But he is very modest about his amount of experience. "No puppeteer will tell you that he's an experienced puppeteer-you gather up the experience. Each marionette has its specific character which is controlled by the strings." One of the puppets that he worked at Bil Baird's was Scheherazade, the legendary belly dancer-a puppet with seventy-eight strings. "Wheras you were experienced for eighteen strings, it took months of practice to properly manage Scheherazade. Aside from the fact that you had to learn your twenty-five strings, it took months of practice of working the interaction with the other two people who were working her before you ever felt capable of presenting it as a performance."

Rob grew tired of the marionette workshop, but he didn't want to leave Buck's Rock. "I began to get more and more involved with the theatre because I could pull strings. The first thing I helped with was 'My Client Curly' and they needed a caterpillar that could jump and turn into a butterfly and fly off the stage. Bill asked me." Rob accomplished this feat by attaching it by a hook to two strings. It turned into a butterfly and flew onstage and talked. "There were assorted other efforts. There was winnie Rosen. She sure got me involved with the stage," Rob says, laughing.

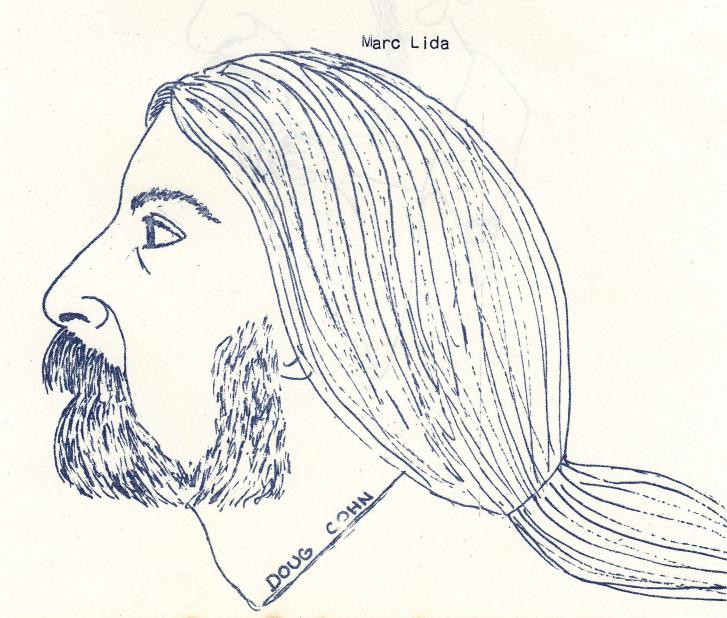
Although he has no particular influence in set design, his favorite painters are Charles Sheeler, Charles Demuth, Edward Hopper and Thomas Eakins. "Their subject matter is particularly American." Over Rob's bed is an unconscious still life right out of a Sheeler grawing-a silver art decolamp that he did for "Beggar on Horseback". With a cheap. "Londe, Bette Davis wig over the Lampshade - "I got it in the thrift shop; the price was reduced from four tifty to tifty cents!" in front of the lamp is a nineteen-thirties telephone that was also used in "Beggar on Horseback".

"I read the play and see what the movement is. I get an idea of the general flow. I set in my mind the kind of image of what I want to work for. The theme, the mood, and all that crap."

"It's not a constant thing for me; it's sporadic. Wost of my work is. I never did anything in one style. It was a matter of exploring lots and lots of things. I get much more experience."

Rob's life in the city is different from his at Buck's Rock. He has been a VD inspector. The patients would find out what stage of syphillis they were in, and tell Rob who their contacts were, and Rob would try and track down their contacts. He now owns a plant store in Brooklyn called "Earthworks". "It's got the lowest prices in Brooklyn and the best quality plants. My silkscreens and drawings are for sale. It is doing well. It's a very peaceful kind of thing. You read, you talk to the plants, you talk back to the plants..."

Rob has seen all sorts of goings-on in Buck's Rock. He has seen many famous and soon-to-be famous people growing, such as Holly Tannen, Ira Siff, Josh Rifkin, Joshua White and Janet Margolin. He plans this year to be his last at Buck's Rock. "Eleven years is enough. It's still a very good camp."





The second of th

- G. What led you to become a director?
- A. I was always interested in the theater. I went to school and studied the theater. When I started out as an actor, I was not considered a juvenile type. I wasn't blonde and American. So in order to stay in the theater, I turned whatever knowledge I had toward directing."
- Q. Do you enjoy directing?
- A. "Yes, I do enjoy it. I like pushing other people around. No, that's not true. I like to see something fulfilled. You never know what you're going to run into when you go into rehearsel. You may select somebody who is completely wrong. The challenge to the director is how you manage to get a performance out of these people."
- Q. What would you say are the qualities and talents necessary for a good director?
- A. "A director really should be acquainted with all the arts because they are all involved in the theater. Also, you have to have a knowledge of history so that the piece that you present relates somewhat to the period in which it was written."
- Q. What do you do during the winter?
- A. "I direct a number of non- professional community theater groups, and do works with them that are for the most part commercial successes. There is very little chance to experiment with these groups because of the audience."
- G. How many years have you been here?
- A. I think about 17. It's a long time to be in one place and unless you see a constant growth of things as a creative person, it becomes kind of dull, you feel a limit to your creativity, and that's a kind of death.
- Q. Do you enjoy directing adolescents?
- A. "Yes. Adolescents come with less fear of what a professional performance should be like, so they give of themselves an awful lot. It's amazing when you do get a performance

from a young person how fresh it can be."

- Q. What are the special problems of working with adolescents?
- A. "Young people don't like to show thier emotions. They haven't excepted themselves as yet, and so there are always a number of facades which don't allow them to see themselves objectively. If you are a person who doesn't laugh very readily and the emotion on stage is one of tremendous laughter, you say: Well, it's false, it doesn't belong to me. How do I do that on stage when everybody's going to laugh at me?* Everybody laughs and everybody cries but it's the fullness with which you do this in front of an audience that becomes the particular problem for young people. They may give you a surface feeling, but for it to be really felt is quite a jump, even for adults."
- Q. What would you say is the role of the theater in camp life? Why do we have a theater at ouck's Rock?
- A. "Well, because Ernst is a very cultured man, and feels that all young people should be exposed to the theater. He believes that they don't always get a chance to see this, and so he has been very generous in the way the theater has been handled. It is part of our culture, and of almost all cultures, and should therefore be part of the program.
- G. How do you pick the plays you're going to direct?
- At Buck's Rock my purpose is to show what the stage can do. For most young people the theater is not a steady diet. So I like to show an opening piece that really takes in what the theater can do. On that basis I may interest other people. I try to do plays that are not of the same period so that they get a feeling of the range of theater. There's no point in doing "Oklahoma" if everyone can sing it along with you. My job at Buck's Rock is, to put on productions. The plays that are done are put on so that people will get a chance to get on the stage, whether or not they are going to find acting as thier life's work."
- When tryouts start do you have people in mind for specific parts?
- A. "If I find a really strong person here, I may do a play around them."
- Q. Do you type cast?
- A. "Well, if a person has a very light voice and is going to play a heavy person on stage, nobody is going to believe him. So if I have to choose between two people I'll choose the person whose voice fits the character. Now that may be type casting. I would say that it's having something in

common with the character that you're playing. If we had more time, then we could work with someone, but if I have 2 or 3 weeks, to put on a show, then I'll try to choose the people that I feel are closest to the part. Typecasting only exists when you are given the same part over and over again. A very stout boy will not be able to be the romantic lead on stage. Nobody would accept him. These are physical problems that young actors have to come to grip with. Once you understand your limitations, then you can work on them. Unfortunately, we look at people in a certain way. For me to break new ground and say that this doesn't exist would be a lie."

- G. How do you reconcile professionalism with te fact that this is a summer camp?
- A. Il recognize the situation for what it is. I could be very demanding, and say that if you're not going to be here I will kick you out of the play. You have to make your choice. If a person has a lead and wants to do something else, then I would by all means say that he should not be involved in the play. It's a two week period of intensive work, and you're free after that. You're involved in many of the other activities, and should take advantage of them. It just means I, as a director am much more frustrated in the kind of result I can get, because I can't have you all the time.
- Having done a play once and then doing it again years later, do you find that the reception is basically the same?
- A. "Well, I don't think in terms of reception. I think in terms of the work that goes into it. You're dealing with personalities. If you get a strong person where you had a weak one before, the shift of the play changes. It would be very dull for me just to put people through the paces. I also get new insight into the play. This time I re-examine the play and I realize there are other values in It which I had overlooked. I try to make more a point of them. We had done a Moliere, when I had selected the festival play. A group of people came up to me and said: We don't like it. It's terrible. It's not going to be a hit. I said: Does it have to be a hit? Failure is extremely important. You learn more through your failure than you do through your success." I know there are probably people who saw the Labiche thing and said: Ach. That was nothing. It was a play of its time. Where do you get to see a Labiche farce? So the fact that you actually saw one is a feather in your cap."
- Q. Why haven't you ever done Shakespeare?
- A. "I don't attempt Shakespeare because just working on the lines alone would take 2 or 3 months. To have an emotional resonse to words that young people are unfamiliar with takes much more time and energy. People may disagree with me and feel that it could be accomplished. But I don't."
- Q. Earlier this year there was an article in the New York Times which I thought was fascinating. It said that rather than

submerging themselves in a role, modern actors submerge the role in themselves, with the result that the various roles become virtually indistinguishable. Do you agree?

"Yes, I agree.. The classical training has been weakened, because, in America especially, we are very commercial. It's : easy pick out a personality that fits the part that you want. and then dicard him. He doesn't have a chance to grow, or find out if he can do a Lear or a Macbeth. A person like Olivier is rare. He's done everything from classical theater to very popular. The range of characterization for him is very large. But it's so easy to pick up a new personality. This way you don't have to find out if he's acting or not. You may be intrigued by the person's talent, but after you've seen him four or five times then he no longer has anything to offer and gets dull. The English are more involved with the traditional. They have a place for it thier national companies, and It's supported. They define you as a personality but not as an actor. It's like the difference between a Cary Grant and am Olivier. Cary Grant has a personality in a number of comedies and situations. They were always different, but he was always the same. Whether he was a great actor or not you never knew. He was never challenged by anything, so you couldn't say.

Q. What do you see as the future of the theater here and in the outside world?

A. "Well, the theater in the outside world is very sad because the reason for theater doesn't exist anymore. There was an article in the Times last week, which said that the only important theater bieng done on Broadway now is the Black theater. The theater has always been a kind of radical means of saying something. The Black theater is important because you're listening to a voice that has been stifled all these years. Unfortunately the middle class theater doesn't have anything it wants to say. It has turned to sex as a way of making it interesing. The important things that go beyond sex are not bieng said. The greatest strides in theatrical productions will be among the disenchanted. They have something to say. If the Black Theater is the only meaningful theater on Broadway, then we're limited in what we can say. Doing a Black play for a white audience may be good and should be done, but it's limiting in terms of your material.

buck's rock summer theater

Becoming an actor or actress means choosing one of the most frightening occupations there is. Whether you are acting for sheer self-gratification or for the love of your craft, you are laying yourself on the line. The actor's only saleable commodity is himself, and not a product such as a painting or a short story. So when you are onstage it's you that takes the knocks, or, God willing, the aplause.

of us going. I myself am almost a fanatic for applause, and have been known to do anything short of swinging on the chandelier by my feet for it.

l and my fellow fanatics file down to the rehearsal stage for the first try-outs. We check each other out, size each other up, and bad fellowship is the order of the day. This is presided over by Bill Korff, the director (known as Old Omnipotent by his friends). Afterwards, clusters of hopefuls gather together to discuss the play and the competition. First try-outs have a minimum of tension since you don't know who to watch out for. Second and third try-outs are more selective, when the kids who either can't act or who are wrong for the leads are weeded out. During all this, the actor grows hyperling out. While the reading goes on, he trembles as the other kids read for the part he wants, and he watches Bill Korff intently for any sign of approval whilst the others read. At night, the hopefuls gather together again and discuss the competition. Thought of anything else is blotted out. When the cast list finally goes up, there are screams, hoots, shrieks, laughter and tears. The new cast trots off to receive scripts and read through the play.

The average play in the outside world gets about eight weeks of rehearsal time. School plays, the basis of the campers experience, take an even longer period of time. But at Buck's Rock, a play is put on in less than two weeks. Naturally, the pace is ferocious, and if you are so fortunate as to land a leading role you will find yourself spending all of your time there. Lines are to be learned in one week, and, unless you memorize quickly, this is a laborious task. Many kids have difficulties with this and have to be coached carefully. However, this pace is necessary for anyone interested in the Theatre, where this hard training could really come in handy. Also, there are only eight weeks to the summer, and the Summer Theatre puts on three

plays during these eight weeks, each a full-length production, with full costuming and sets.

These three plays follow a definite pattern: the first play is selected with a huge cast, so that Bill can cast everybody. This play helps him to find out which kids have talent, which ones are hard to work with, and so on. The second play has a much smaller cast as a rule, and is usually of higher quality and thus more difficult to act than the other two. Why, I don't know. Perhaps good spectaculars are hard to come by. The last play is performed at festival. This usually has a tremendous cast. Bill seldom picks the classics. Can you imagine tackling "Hamlet" in less than two weeks? Buck's Rock plays are generally recondite. Bill feels that performing plays that have not been "successes" on the commercial stage, and yet have merit, is an illuminating experience for the campers. Bill feels that to have an appreciation of the theatre, one needs an understanding of its past.

Both the Costume and the Stage Design departments are well equipped, especially when compared to other camps and schools. Stage Design concerns itself with set construction. The sets are usually elaborate, but can, for example, be changed from a living room to a street cafe by removing curtains and switching furniture. The Costume Shop makes elaborate and complete costumes, often relying on the huge store of old clothes and costumes it has. The Lighting and Sound Department is also first-rate, underlining and highlighting the movement and emotions of a given scene. Even when the acting is second-rate, the audience is always enormously impressed by the production end of it.

After a week and a half of intense rehearsing, there are two dress rehearsals, which start after dinner and often last far into the night. Sometimes the play looks as though it can't possibly come off. But on opening night, it always does. On Saturday night, the actors and actresses give the single performance of the play, and receive the applause they've worked for. The next morning, we're down at the rehearsal stage, reading over a new play, checking each other out, sizing each other up...

Elisa L. DeCarlo

DENSITY

I wanted to choreograph a dance. I had decided that, after nine years of dancing, I should be able to do it. What now? I suppose I had a bit of a head start, I knew what types of dances I did and didn't like. Unfortunately, it seemed l disliked more than I liked. I found it especially hard to find music that I liked. I listened to every tape in the Dance Studio. Finally, when music was pouring out of my ears, I found a flute solo by Edward Varese that I thought I could use. At the time I didn't really love it, but I knew I had to get to work on my dance. Now that I had finally decided on the music, I began to work on my dance. I tried to familiarise myself with the music. That is when I started to love it. Even so my love for it didn't inspire me. I sat there and listened to it until someone told me to get up and improvise. I had a lot of trouble getting started. I guess it's always hard to do. I got my first movement, from something I had started with different music. (Don't ask me where that came from.) After that, I would get spurts of movement ideas. Sometimes I'd get stuck and just hang around the studio for hours, doing nothing. I had a deadline to meet, so it helped me keep working.

I didn't know what the dance was about until I was almost half-way through. I talked to Stanley and decided on the theme. The theme was taken from the way the music made me feel.

I'm not sure what my biggest problem was, but I know I always had trouble remembering my ideas. When I was dancing, I would just let the music move through my body, but when I liked what I had done I couldn't remember it. I think I partially solved this by stopping after every few movements and going back over what I had done.

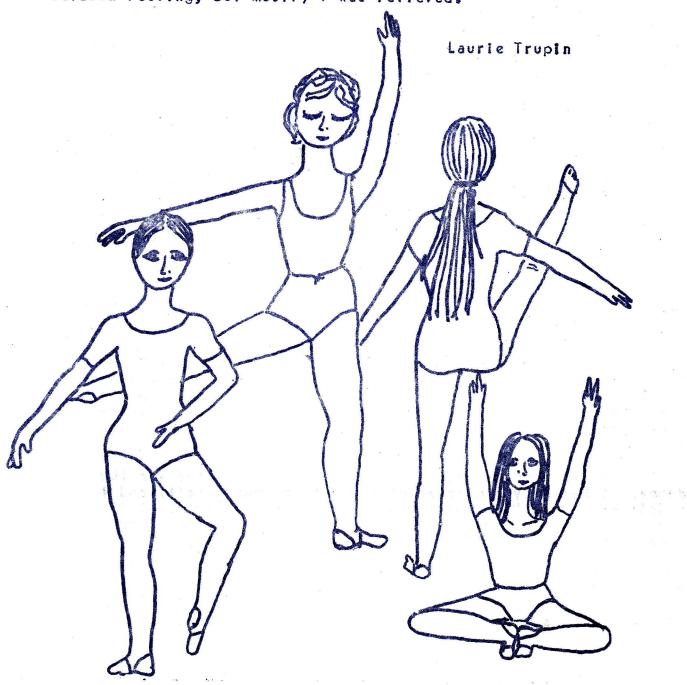
Another of my problems was working out an end for the dance. I had only a quarter of a minute of music left, and I didn't know what to do with it. I spoke to Stanley about it and after thinking about all the things he told me (he practically swamped me with ideas) I decided what to do.

When I had finished the basic choreography, I still had a lot of work to do. Since the music didn't have a steady rhythm, I had only a vague idea of where each movement came in the music and how long each movement should last. Then,

I realized that I hadn't planned enough movements for the dance. By this time, I had been washed out of ideas and couldn't begin to think where I should add in more movement. (I had the end set, and I like it.) Back I went to Stanley, and he gave me some more ideas, not what to do, but where to put movement and what types of movement to add to the dance, such as falls or jumps.

About a week before Dance Night, Stanley asked me if I'd like Paul Taub to play for my solo. I got really excited when he asked. I think it's so great to have live music in a dance. As I rehearsed with Paul, I got more excited.

While I was performing, I thought only about my dance. I thought of my facial expression, my technique, and whether the movements were going with the music. I didn't shake at all during the performance, but afterwards I couldn't stop my teeth from chattering. After all that rehearsing I had a horrible letdown feeling, but mostly I was relieved.



Lacinovas of Aradisons, sinsage yn vision i de lacinos de la constant yn vision i de la constant yn vision i de lacinos de la constant yn vision i de la constant yn vision i de la constant yn vision i de lacinos de la constant yn vision i de lacinos de la constant yn vision i d

- Q. How long have you been at Buck's Rock?
- A. This is my sixth summer here.
- Q. Did Buck's Rock enrich your interest in folk music?
- A. Yes, I would say summer camps as a whole enriched my interest. I started playing guitar when I was in high school, and I just wanted to play rock and roll. Rock and roll at that time were things like "In the Midnight Hour," "Gloria" and some Beatles type stuff, nothing as sophisticated as today. I had gone away to a camp called Camp Hillcroft for a summer, and met a counselor there who got me on the track of folk music. I vascillated back and forth between rock and folk for a while and finally when I got to Buck's Rock my teacher, Roy Bookbinder, put me on the trail of folk music.
- Q. Do you enjoy teaching at Buck's Rock?
- A. Well, it depends on the student. Because it is such a short period of time, it is hard to work with somebody. Some people get the feeling that it is just summer and they don't want to work, but others work harder in the summer because they don't have a ny school to worry about. A lot of people come and say, "Wow, I have all this stuff to do," and they never bother to show up for their lesson, because they are too busy with other things. I enjoy teaching anywhere, but there are always a few students that are more fun than the others, because they are more dedicated.
- Q. How did you get interested in music?
- A. My parents had brought me up on a mixture of classical and folk musics. I generally heard classical music around the house, and they sent me to Leonard Bernstein's "Young Peoples Concerts." I can remember when I was five and my mother took me to a Pete Seeger concert and sitting way in the back with my mother pointing to a little figure on stage and saying, "That's Pete Seeger, that's Pete Seeger." My mother had an interest in Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger and Josh White, and her 78s were around the house. I began to learn the plano, because my mother played the plano. So, I took plano and dropped that and I took trombone from about fifth grade onwards, and played in all sorts of orchestras and bands and things. When I graduated from eighth grade, I got a guitar as a gift 'cause I wanted it, a twenty-five dollar guitar or something. I didn't do anything with it for a year. I couldn't figure out

what to do with it. I took lessons in my freshman year of high school, rock and roll type of things. I wanted to be in a rock band. I don't know who else could have influenced my interest in music. It was mainly my parents, and there were several local groups around, when I was in high school, and that influenced me.

Q. What types of folk music do you like best?

A. I prefer country blues and ragtime guitar. It is a form that was in its prime in the 1920s and 30s, a musical form which mainly existed among blacks. It originated in the south. It usually consisted of one person playing guitar and singing. It is a finger-picking instrumental style, with a lot of melody and background picking. That is the style which I prefer, but there are a lot of other styles which I play. My brother plays a lot of English stuff, so I play with him and we trade off stuff. He knows more about the lrish, Scottish and English folk musics then I do. I also play banjo in Old Time Mountain style, a style that also comes from the south. I have played in square dance groups and in blue grass bands, as a bass player and a mandolinist.

Q. Why are these types of folk music your favorites?

A. I was introduced to blues by Roy Bookbinder in 1969. I had taken guitar lessons the year before and was not particularly turned on by the teacher, but when Roy was here, he projected an image which is very pleasing to younger kids — he has a big walpus mustache and looks a little like Wild Bill Hickock, he looks very folky. He was playing all these songs, blues which I loved, and I began playing them. I did not find very many people at home to share my interests with me, most of them were playing the more popular folk music — Judy Collins, Joni Mitchell, The Incredible String Band, and things like that.

Q. What guitars do you admire?

A. Well, there are three major companies in the U.S. They are the Gibson, Guild and Martin. Gibson used to be okay, but they are junk now and I wouldn't buy one. Guild are sort of made out of cardboard, but they are okay. Martins are still okay but they are not as good as they used to be because they are beginning to mass produce. Martin is lowering their standards and they don't use as good a wood anymore, but they are still good. happening in the U.S. is the quality of the mass-produced guitars is dropping, so there are a lot of little independent guitar makers springing up. The notable ones in this country are S.L. Mossman, a guy in New York, whose name I don't remember, and the guy who made my guitar, whose name is Augie Lo Prinzi. He works in Rosemont, New Jersey, and makes a guitar that is very similar in apperance to a Martin. Auggle differs from Martin im that he uses a thinner wood, so he has a much more responsive guitar, Martins are known to have a real even sound, and you can only get a certain amount out of them. Auggie's guitars are a lot louder and a lot brighter and crisper sounding.

Q. Who influenced your playing style?

A. The main influence on my style was Roy Bookbinder. I was playing regular folk style and then Roy showed me country blues and I loved it. There were a lot of recorded people who influenced my style. One is John Fahey, who took thebasic blues and developed a classical steel string guitar style after it. Another is Leo Kotke. Most of the blues players have influenced me, people like John Hurt, Gary Davis and so many more. I listen to all kinds of music and anything I listen to influences me. I listen to classical, to jazz, to rock, and electric guitarists, and they all have affected my playing.

Q. What other types of music do you like?

A. I listen to anything that I think is good, that is technically or emotionally valid. Music to me is made up of two different elements, technical precision and the expression of human emotions. Good music is a mid-point between the two. I don't like a lot of the rock today, like Led Zepplin or Grand Funk, but I do like a lot of the country-rock. There are a lot of little known groups that I think are doing some really fine stuff. People like Steeleye Span have put out some really good music. It's a combination of British traditional music with electric instruments. Martin Carthy, who used to be in that group, has greatly influenced my dulcimer playing. Lots of groups did some excellent stuff, but now aren't doing anything very good. The first thing that comes to mind are The Beatles, who were very excellent as a group, towards the end sort of peetered out and now their solo stuff is no where near as good. Seatrain started off doing some very brilliant stuff. Buffalo Springfield were excellent and I don't think Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young carried on that tradition. The early Byrds, the early Grateful Dead and the early Jefferson Airplane were very good, but how they seem to be sort of grumping around. As for classical, my favorite classical music tends to be brass and organ music, because I played a brass instrument. I like Bach a lot. I like Medieval music, the music played in monasteries during the 10th - 12th centuries. I like British Isles and American folk musics. I like some jazz, but I don't like too much of the way out stuff. I like Dlango Kinehart, Charley Christian and a lot of the big band mysic, because I played some of it. I hate show music. I don't like any of the syrupy rock music, like Porey Previn, with its large string arrangements. I can appreciate some popular music. Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young do some nice things every once in a while, but they really don't perform to their full potential.

Q. What Instruments do you play?

A. I play the trombone, but not very often, I play the guitar, the mandolin, five-string banjo, dulcimer and I play bass, also.

Q. How did you come to build a dulcimer?

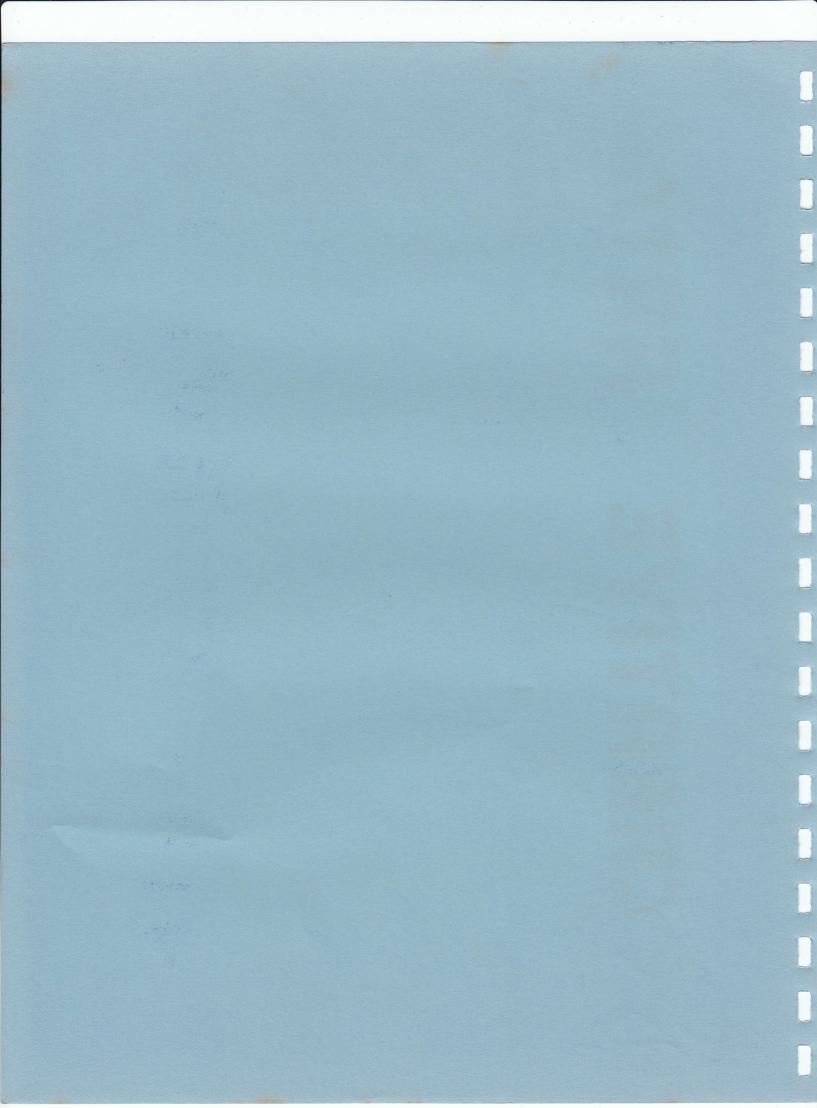
A. I'm glad you asked that. Last year I was in charge of the folk music department and a girl had wanted to build a dulcimer, and she was just going to copy a real crap dulcimer. I told her that she should read something about it, and I got books together.

We got the help of Bill Cotton, from the Wood Shop, and by that time five or six kids wanted to build dulcimers, so I figured why don't I build one also. It turned out pretty good. It has some technical mistakes but it sounds better than a traditional dulcimer. It has a fuller sound. The only thing that is wrong with it is when I was fretting it I was freeting it in a hurry, and one of the frets was really out of place. Otherwise; it turned out very well.

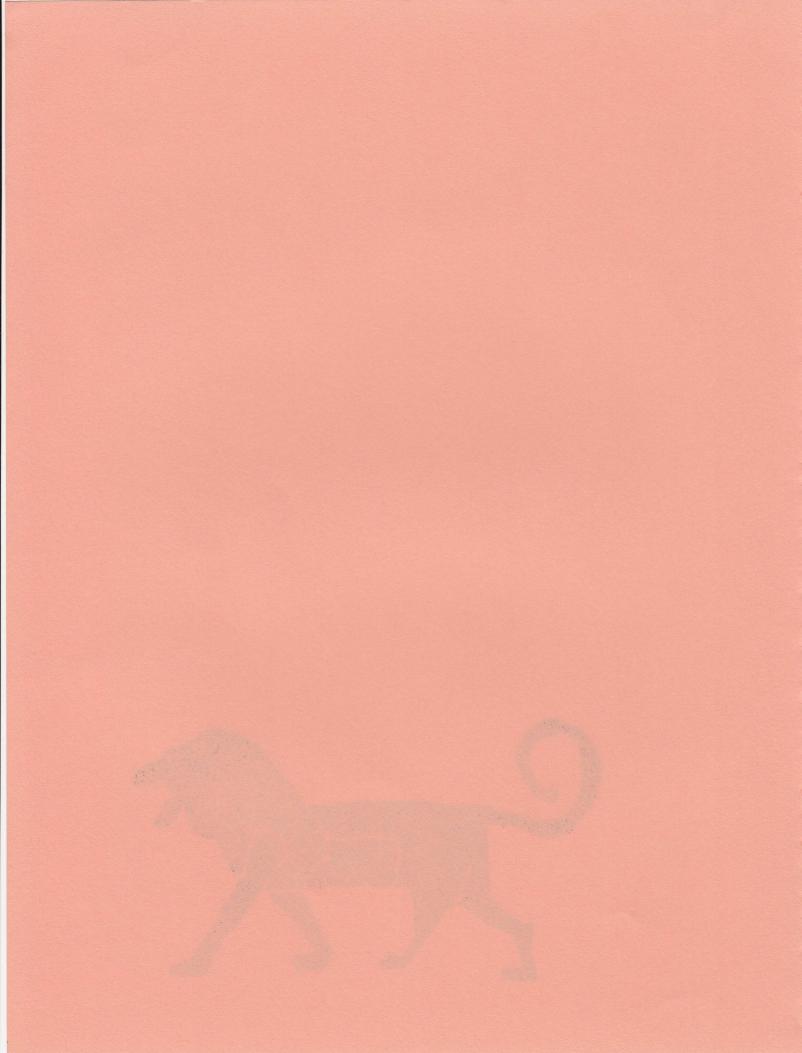
Q. How do you feel about the appreciation of folk music at Buck's Rock?

A. Well, I think it isn't as wide spread as it used to be. Six years ago you had a real intellectual bunch of kids, sons and daughters of the New York elite, and folk music was the music of the Radical left and of the political movement, so it was a lot more popular. Now, all that is gone and many less kids are interested in politics. There used to be a big political movement at Buck's Rock, a lot of discussion, but not any more, it doesn't exist. I think that a couple of kids are really interested in traditional folk music, and there are some that like hearing it, but are mainly in to rock. Rock tends to be the music, today. There are a lot of kids that take guitar, but only a small bunch of those are really interested in traditional music.

Interview conducted by Ellen Relkin







Dear Katie,

Now that I've been here three weeks I'm pretty well settled into the shops. Art and Publications are my favorites, with WBBC third.

Yesterday I went up to BBC for the first time. It was hot and dry that afternoon, and there was a pitcher full of water sitting on the green and yellow picnic table outside the building. I waved to the people sitting there, I knew them. I sat down and listened to them talk about almost everything but the station. From the tiny speaker attached to the wall a voice announced that music would go over BBC.

Soon they all dispersed, each going to do a different thing. I sat talking to Mike Raff and Bob Steiner about doing some readings. I idly picked at the peeling paint of the picnic table as we discussed it.

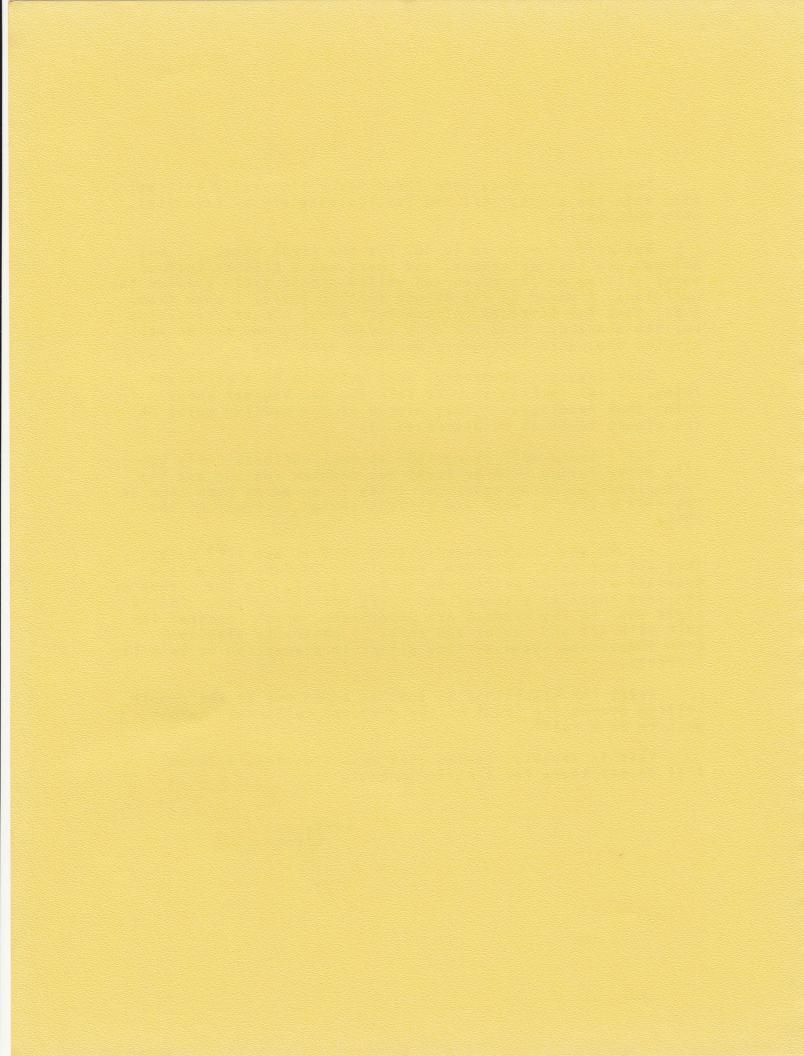
But I spend most of my time at Publications. It's usually noisy inside with at least one machine running and the typewriters pounding away, but I try to spend as much time as possible being "sleazy" and sitting around in front of the shop.

I told you in previous letters what it was like before they all got here. But now, especially in Pub, there is a constant stream of people moving in and out. In the corner of the shop there is a teapot and stuff for making tea. That's right next to the cramped Art Department, which concerns itself with art and layout and such. I generally stay away from there, and spend my time either in production or in being literary.

Every ten minutes or so someone comes out to the people sitting around the front of the shop and calls out "Anyone want to do a run?"

This is usually greeted with mass ignoring. I think I'll go sit there for a while to rest.

Love, Glenn



lotso lights

We had two weeks to go till the next play, and Dan had put in an announcement for all people who wanted to help to come down and hang lights. We all got down there, and Dan laid down the chart for light placement. Hal, his CIT, climbed up the ladder to where the first light, a double lens, belonged. Dan handed him the heavy light. Hal was about to show everyone how to hang it when he dropped it.

"You dummy, you probably broke the light, you dumb

" I thought I had it," yelled Hal in return.

Luckily, the light was not broken and Hallhung it. Then we brought out the scaffold and started handing lights. I stayed below and marked the chart. Mike and the were on the scaffold, Rich was on the ladder, and Dan was handing everyone lights.

The next thing you know, Hal and Mike had managed to tangle up the chords of the lights and had nearly pulled them out. Luckily, they saw it in time and no damage was done. We hung the rest of the lights uneventfully.

Two nights later, we tried to focus the lights. I was in the booth while Mike, Rich, Hal and Dan were on the stage. The first thing that happened was that I turned on area one and It went off. I checked and there was too much wattage in the dimmer that controlled area one. Dan came up and repatched it, replugging all the lights. I turned on area one and the bulb on one of the lights blew. We ignored that light and finished area one. I turned on area two and it looked fine until they tried to focus the lights. Someone touched one of the lights and it fell down. Luckily, only the case was dented and we rehung it. We had to tighten all the lights in that area and in area three. When we finished with area three it was midnight, so we stopped. We spent the next day tightening lights and we finished focusing that night.

We had a few days rest and then it was time to start rehearsing. We met at seven-thirty and went into the Booth. Mike, Rich and I were on the board while Hal gave the cues. The first cue was area 1,2,3 up to full. They were all on one dimmer, and it was mine. I turned it and the board started humming. This was fine and expected. Then I leaned on the board and found something out. That board was hot. I told Hal and he said not to worry about it. That was okay until I looked at the board and saw smoke. I told Hal and he yelled "Hit the breaker." I hit the circuit breaker. Then Dan came running up, shouting "What happened!" We told him what had happened and

he told Hal to leave the breaker for that dimmer off. We would fix it the next day. But smoke rose from the dimmer anyway. We tried every dimmer, but it didn't make a difference. Finally Dan said "Turn off the main and we will check it tomorrow. "

The next day we met down at the stage and Dan started cheecking everything with a meter. No matter what he did the meter read the wrong voltage and the wrong amperage. Finally Dan decided that probably the ground was loose. He sent Wike to turn off the power at the source.

We then went up to the roof and the ground was loose. Hall tightened it. Mike turned on the power and we checked everything with the meter. We still got a wrong reading. We checked and checked and finally we found the problem. A loose connection leading up to the ground.

After that everything went well. After the play everyone complimented us on the lights.

..... අවස මුත් ඉදිර පමණිවාට රජා ලෙස විසුම් මෙන් වූ මා මෙන් වූ මෙන් වූ මෙන් වූ මා රජාවය මෙන්දුරිම් පුස්මාදයේ එකාල්ලයේම විසිය විසින්දරිද මෙන්දී ලිසිය කිසිලාපත්වී වෙන සිටි

Joel Halpern

the colorful costume shop

First impressions are always interesting, especially the one you get when you first visit the costume shop. To start with, it's set way back behind the stage where just about no one goes, and the minute you walk in there everyone turns and stares at you. After you stutter that you'd like to help out, they (meaning Lisa Wanderman and Joyce Sanger, counselors) sort of look you over and say something like, "Do you want to sweep?" or, How's your button technique?" That's when the work begins.

From the outside it looks like an oversize lean-to with sliding doors. Inside, the sewing machines lie on a cluttered mess of threads and pins which, in turn, are strewn over a small table. On the far left there is a small room overflowing with costumes from every period you can think of. That part of the shop is my favorite. On a rack bunches of shimmering, gossamer harem pants, filmy bits of flimsy fabric(fff...), float, suspended on hangers. Behind them lurks a wizard's robe, studded with orange moons, something like the canteloupes in "Pots of Money". The amount of work that gets put into a play by the Costume Shop is incredible. For the second play, which took place at the turn of the century, two floor length dresses, complete with bustles, had to be constructed from scratch, six pairs of pants had to be tapered and hemmed; sleeves were changed, jackets were fitted... I could go on forever is

During a play, different tones and emotions pet the shop. With some plays, the shop is turning into a pulsing, beating heat, filled with people frantically shricking for costumes. At other times people move slowly, sluggishly, shuffling from rack to rack, just waiting for the curtain to rise.

After a play is over the shop is a wreck. Pants, shoes, shirts, socks, dresses, petticoats, and ribbons are sprinkled throughout the shop. Everything must be stacked, sorted, piled and so on, but when it's all finished, we celebrate by going out to Carvel's !

Amy Prussack

IS PUBLICATIONS BETTER THAN RASPBERRIES?

If anyone told you in March that you would spend most of your summer in a hot rectangular box, seemingly rivaling the Battle of Britain for duration and intensity of noise, you would certainly say: "how preposterouse" Few people picture their summer in such a way. And yet the Publications Shop has some magic seductive power to which almost everyone eventually succumbs. It is indeed hard to believe. The rauccaus scream of the offset printer, whining it's protests, blends in with the ubiquitous metallic din of the type: writers, giving the impression of some hard fought battle for a hill or mountain top. Stacks of paper flutter to the ground accompanied by shrieks of: "turn it offiturn it offit, while in the background, the Lone Ranger rides to glory for the 80th time; lending the entire affair the quality of some surrealistic horror story.

And yet for some inexplicable reason the shop is always full. Full of people eagerly awaiting a chance to turn the crank on the beloved Gesteiner machine. The shop resounds with the clamor of little boys and girls begging for a chance to de-slipsheet or collate. Weeal, maybe not exactly that, but the shop is certainly extremely popular.

What then is the secret of this extraordinary popularity? Why do peple flock to the Publications Shop from miles around? Do we have a Muse beneath the floorboards? Nah. Is it the bucolic charm and sweetness of Sue, Irwin, Bookle, Laurie Beth, Mettle, David, Richard, and John? Certainly it is in part, but there's something more. Something that brings out the Hemingway in every man and woman.

In all seriousness, watching the production of a magazine is an extremely exciting experience. Having been brought
up to respect the printed word above all other forms of expression, taking part in a publication is almost like being
part of some hallowed event. It's like the fulfillment of a
dream to see one's name in print, and to see one's name on
the production list is almost as good.

It is not, however, all vanity. A group of nice people, working together towards a common goal, not only sounds extremely clicked on paper, but is a great deal of fun.

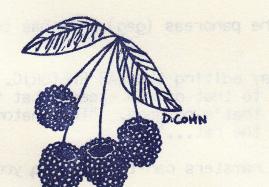
To sum it all up, I don't know why the Publications Shop is so popular, but Muses sing on.

John Braverman

It's 100 degrees out and besiles is explaining DAR to a thirless year out girl. Shelly is one of the few segule is know who can do this and regain rational.

"Lake the namer of two to two telephone and sale!"

The fat dissection I'm helping a damper with is far more undearable because of the heat.



Someone brings in a waterded pard. And/ starts deneting

", michaely, and meeter went down the droin, "

"I told you not to ... someona get the plunger, You see

in a corner, a cancer sits quietly over a microscope ying to take the selivery glands out of a fruitfly.

The bird starts fluttering all over the place. It flys nto the wall. Shelly grade it.

"Wine, don't open that."

"Now the small intestine is divided into three parts." I go outside for some thesh air. ' who knows what they are?" I go outside for some thesh air.

Life of the Science Lob

It's 100 degrees out and Shelley is explaining DNA to a thirteen year old girl. Shelly is one of the few people I know who can do this and remain rational.

"Take the hamster out of your mouth Nina."

The rat dissection I'm helping a camper with is far more unbearable because of the heat.

"This is the pancreas (gag). It has two seperate functions (retch).

Andy is busy editing the LAB RHETORIC. "The anatomy of the rat is similar to that of man except that there are many differences." No, that's no good. "The anatomy of man is very similar to that of the rat..."

"No, Nina, hamsters can't swim. No, you can't experiment to find out."

Someone brings in a wounded bird. Andy starts dancing to the music coming over the stereo.

"Shelly, my hamster went down the drain."

"I told you not to ... someone get the plunger. You see the messenger, RNA ... "

In a corner, a camper sits quietly over a microscope trying to take the salivary glands out of a fruitfly.

The bird starts fluttering all over the place. It flys into the wall. Shelly grabs it.

"Nina, don't open that."

Who knows what they are?" I go outside for some fresh air.

The camper who has been quietly working over the microscope suddenly stands up. "Look at those chromosomes. Look what I did."

Everyone comes over to have a look. "All right, " says Shelley, as he shakes the camper's hand. "Good work, man."

" It was nothing, "says the camper.



The Land of the work of the work of the company of

The sun felt warm and comforting that early morning. The air no longer smelling sweet and dewy, took on the scent of the animals nearby. As I approached the farm, I broke into a run, well aware of the fact that I was late. It is customary to arrive there before the gong rings in order to be ready for work when it does. As I rushed up to the farm cabin, my arrival was acknowledged by a mere nod from John, one of the counselors, who was already hard at work. Already people were either waiting to be signed in for work or busying themselves with feeding the animals.

For a while I felt invisible beneath the bustle of the morning. Sarah, a J.C., closes the hours book since all the jobs have been assigned. As one small dark-haired boy halters the cow, who, assisted by a few C.I.T.'s tries to explain to a new camper the trials and tribulations of milking a cow. A group of people, preparing themselves for milking, gather together containers for the milk. It is a while until the cow has been milked out, and the thick liquid fed to the baby calf, the goats and the mother pig.

Two girls are inside the lot that the big heifers occupy, and are covering themselves with hay as they pitch it into the hay rack. Other people are carrying some out to the goats and the donkey. Finally feeding has been completed. The sun has risen high in the sky and begins to blaze. The boy using the hose accidentally sprays his friend and thus precipitates a water fight. Gathering up the buckets and cans used earlier to carry food to the animals, we all arm ourselves with containers of water. One or two escape the drops of water, but the rest of us are completely douged. Later we depart, leaving a trail of water and a morning at the farm beaund us.

Ellyn Plato

Anomalia and Anomalia

Anomalia and Anomalia

LGM 33 milenes bnA

were made bended oner I til attedT.



the vegetable farm

Stringbeans, squash, carrots, and peas
I work with them because it pleases me.
Although I'm dirty and messy when I'm done
I really find it alot of fun.
Yes it's hot
But I still work alot.
Yes it's buggy
And sometimes muggy
But as I stand there working with Joe
Either pushing or pulling on weeds with a hoe.
It's always good to know
That's it I who helped them grow.
You look at them, they have a special charm,
Oh, how I love it at the vegetable farm.

Anna Bag



MEMOIRS OF THE PRINT SHOP OR STATIONERY? NEVER AGAIN!

I was new in camp and all the different shops overwhelmed me. After some not-so-deep thought, I finally decided upon my first artistic venture— making stationary in the print shop. I mean, how hard could that be? And, so, I entered the shop, completely unaware of what was in store for me...

Well, there I was in this small, crowded shop, standing around and not knowing what to do. At last, I asked a
counselor to help me out and was instructed to pick the type
I wanted to use. After a gick rundown of them all, I chose
I8 point onyx, which was #34." What next?", I wondered, and
was told to find the letters and numbers I wanted. Now, this
sounded easy enough. All I had to do was look at the chart with
the different letters and numbers on it, which corresponded to
my drawer. A jobstick in hand, I set to work. "G...g...now
where's that g?! It should be in the box marked G!" The only
problem was that it wasn't. And it wasn't in any of the other
boxes either. "Okay, that's it! I've had it! So much for I8
point onyx!" I carried the drawer to where it had come from.

"Are you having any trouble?", asked one of the counselors. What a question! "If you can't find the letter you want, just pick another type." He walked away, and I decided to try again.

"Hmmm... maybe I'd be better off with 12 point Lydian bold, #4," I said to myself. It took another round of tugging, pulling, and cursing to get #4 loose. "I found a g, I found a g!" What happiness! And, in fact, I found all the letters and numbers I needed, all the way down to the zip code.

"Your '!', 'O', and 'N' are all upside down and this
'C' is from a different type, "I was informed by a counselor who
had appeared from nowhere to inspect my work. Yes, I just knew
it, I just knew that this was too good to be true!

Slowly and carefully I took out the 'I', 'O', and 'N' and replaced the proper way. Now came the final and most important step, which was taking out the 'C'. "Come on, easy now, easy now...ohhhhh!" All the letters and numbers I had so diligently placed next to one another had fallen. "Okay, Gail, take it easy, put yourself together. Count to ten, slowly now. I...2...3..."

shop regularly for about a week to try and get an empty press, I did print my stationary. I ask myself, "Was this stationary worth so much time and effort?" Actually, I'm not sure whether it was or not, but at least now I've got something to write my letters on.

Gail Wechsler



n A

OFFERING THANS

I want to offer my thanks
to Gestetner Stencil Fluid
For helping me make it
Through the hard times.
At this time, I think
I will also express gratitude
To Multilith ink
Which has always been
A special friend
And finally, Let me say
That Correct-to type
Has always held a position
On the bottom of my list.

I think this is just about as far as I will continue to play around.

L.B.C.

CPLOMICS.

My name is Harry Potter. I'm not accustomed to showing people around my studio, but in your case I'll make an exception.

Most people imagine my profession as being rather dull. People see me tinkering away- with clay on my hands and clothes all day long. But that's not the point. That's not even half of what's involved. I'll show you what I mean.

A decade ago, when I was first introduced to ceramics, I was not familiar with anything except the clay. I would put a trimmed pot on a shelf, and it would suddenly disappear, only to reappear two or three days later, a pale, buff color.

"A kiln?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes." The reply came. "A kiln heats the clay to make it hard and porous; it also accounts for the light color."

(My pottery teacher was most helpful in teaching me the rudiments.)

Well, that was all straightened out. My next obstacle was the glazing process. "Those colors look pretty ugly- how can one begin grey and then glaze blue? Does someone stand over them and go 'Poof!'?"

"The pots are loaded into the kiln again, and when the kiln heats up to Cone 9 (the equivalent of 2300 degreesF.) the glaze becomes liquid and flows over the pot, changing color in the process."

And so here I am, ten years older. I'm no longer puzzled by the technical aspects of pottery. (Did you know that every compenent you put in a glaze has to be weighed on a scale to the very last gram?) I'm going to leave you now. I have to check on my kiln.

BLOWBACK!

On an average day at the Sculpture Shop, maybe July 32nd, I would walk into the shop trying not to trip over the giant plaster hand blocking my way. Picking my way across the yard, trying to avoid falling into the drainage ditch or being waylaid by any one of a thousand jagged pieces hidden deceptively in the sand, I finally get to the cliff. There, after I almost break my neck sliding down on the loose sand, I search for the projects joe had lately thrown over.

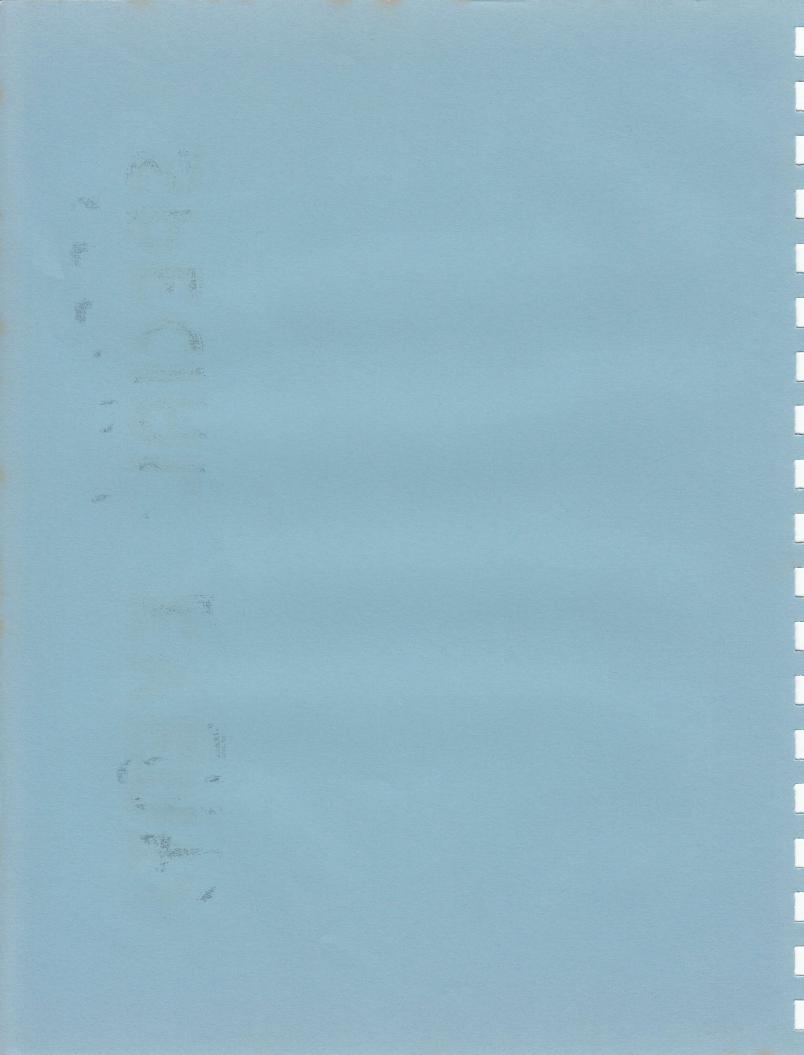
Satisfied my sculpture had not disappeared overnight, I return to the welding tables and continue on my work. A little later, a blood thirsty cry domes from the plaster area. Another sculpture, is to be scrapped. Seeing that it probably weighs a thousand pounds and cannot be carried to the cliff, a group of people set upon it with hammers. axes and crowbars. Not long after, it is upon it with hammers axes and crowbars. Not long after, it is reduced to a pile of rubble and is soon wheel-barrowed over and tossed over the cliff to join the other rusting remains of assorted limaginative work.

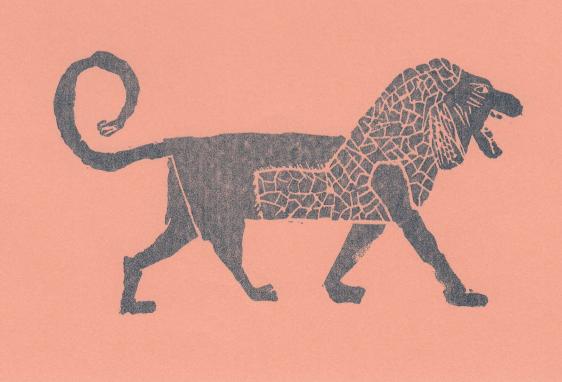
After watching that barbaric ceremony I hear a high sounding drone coming from someone's torch. BLOWBACK! That means you have 15 seconds before the flame goes down the torch and another 3 minutes before the Western section of the camp erupts into flame. The holder of the torch has dropped it and is somewhere near Danbury. Everyone is shouting for someone else to turn it off, while "someone else" is fleeing down Buck's Rock Road. Finally, while "someone else" is fleeing down Buck's Rock Road. Finally, some mysterious personage, sometimes Joe, gets there and turns to off. Sometime in the afternoon, Joe takes the truck to the junkyard and returns with a full load of valuable junk. Soon, many people are arguing who gets the "best" piece, which in this case is an old toilet.

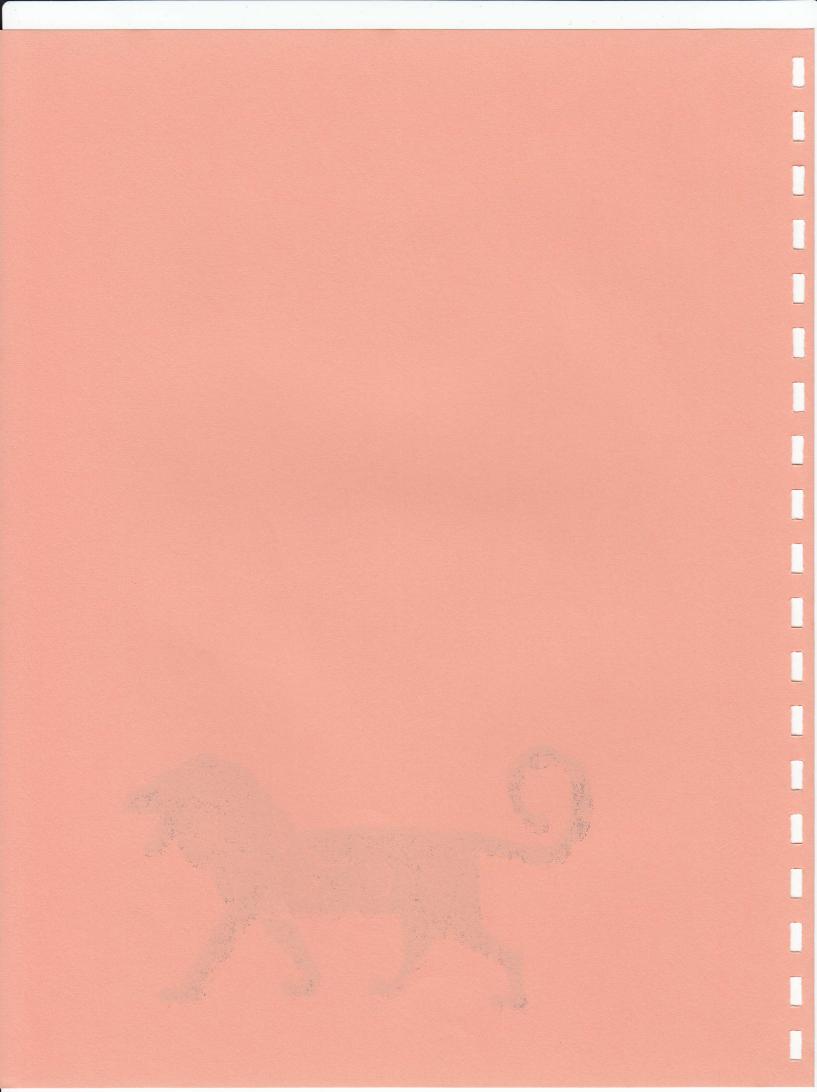
By this time it is five—thirty. Time to light the incinerator, so the local pyromaniacs get to work and soon the garbage of the entire area is burning. They are all sitting back to admire the shooting flames which occasionally flare out from the top of the incinerator, while frantic people try to get out some favorite comic book which was used to light the fire. At 5:45, when the dinner gong goes, the Sculpture Shop stops all work and is virtually immediately deserted.

I

I







Dear Eddie,

Three busloads of people went to Tanglewood Sunday, to see Handel's Messiah. We got there at 12:00, just in time to dutifully fail into line for lunch. Cold chicken. It was a beautiful day and in the bright afternoon sun the lake glimmered in the distance. The grounds are beautiful. We had around two hours free before the concert started, and after lunch a group of us decided to see how close we could come to the lake. Like in the "Wizard of Oz" in the middle of a beautiful field, we were overcome by drowsiness. Unable to continue under such conditions of extreme adversity, we were forced to go back.

We listened to the music in the shade of a tree directly in front of the music shed. During intermission I climbed the tree to watch the people, and as I was later told, to make a fool of myself. Vanity of vanities.

The concert was beautiful. When the Hallelujah chorus began,, the entire audience lept to thier feet. When the concert was over the entire audience rose to thier feet and applauded. They were still applauding when we left.

As we rode back, it began to pour. When the rain stopped, the countryside was shrouded in fog. It was so incredibly beautiful, it was as if someone had set up the set for a movie. Rolling hills with houses on the horizon, cows grazing, and other miscellaneous pictureque scenes.

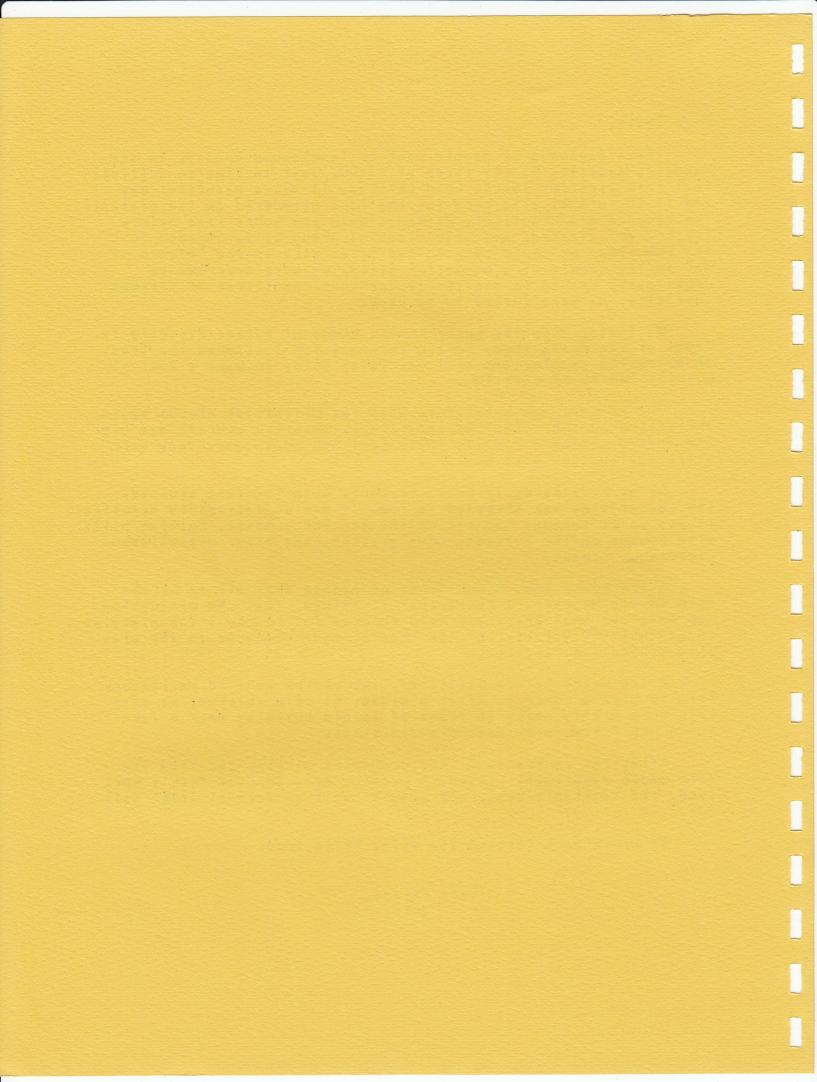
A few weeks ago, 5 bus loads of people went off to Stratford to see Macbeth. I heard that it rained, that the production was fair and that there was cold chicken for lunch. I was planning to go, but the director of the Theater made everyone in the play stay behind and rehearse.

A few weeks before Stratford, the chorus went to Harrybrook Farm to give a concert. After a dinner of cold chicken, we sang in a very pretty park, in front of an old building near a lake and a pen filled with peacocks and swans.

After the chorus song the orchestra played, and then the folk music department played. A particularly popular Buck's Rock song, the Vegetable Song, was sung as well as several Irish Ballads.

We drove back through the rain. Write soon.

Your friend, John.



Last year I visited the birthplace of William Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, England. I took the usual tour of his house, and then decided to see if I could do some exploring on my own, without the tour guide. The English woman in Elizabethan costume left me alone in the great playwright's bedroom, but not before warning me several times what the consequences would be if anything were broken or missing when she returned.

The room was extremely small. The furniture consisted of one bed, two lanterns and a rather elegant desk, the only extravagence. In one corner was a narrow door. I assumed it was a broom closet, but on opening it I found it to be a clothes closet. There among the medieval costumes stood a man in Elizabethan dress with his eyes nearly popping out of his head. He seemed more surprised to see me than I him. Obviously, he worked there, judging by his style of dress, and I took him to be the manager. He continued to gape at me.

"Excuse me," I said to him, "I didn't mean to startle you. I didn't expect the manager to be hiding in a closet.
Tell me, are you restoring something in there?" The man's face blanched. "For goodness sake," I said to the shocked man, "You act as if I just walked into the men's room."

"Who art thou, Madame?" spoke the manager, "You seem to have been misdirected."

"I must say," I continued, "that you people do an incredibly good job of creating the flavor of the time in speech as well as costume. I must recommend this place to my friends back in the U.S. Great job you're doing here, really."

"The U.S.? What mad dog hath bitten your changeling arm?
Thou speakest with the ramblings of ..."

"Very good! You've been practicing Shakespearian speech, eh? When did they begin restoring this place, Mr... um...Mr...
I'm sorry, I don't think I caught your name..."

"What devil hath possesed you, Lass? I must request your departure - no uninvited guest shall abuse my generosity."

"Generosity? Your admission fee is mighty steep; you're hardly throwing this place in my lap!"

He stepped out into the room. He was wearing an Elizabethan costume which impressed me as being remarkable authentic.

"No man or woman," he said menacingly, "shall make a fool's mockery of William Shakespeare.

"nobody's saying anything about the old man. He's dead and gone anyway, so at least he can't do more than roll over in his grave!"

"Dead and gone?! Madame, the blood of life still surges quite freely through my veins."

"How did we start talking about you all of a sudden? I was talking about Shakespeare."

"Likewise. I am he, Damsel."

I laughed at this, but this nut was beginning to get on my nerves.

"Oh cut it out," I said impatiently.

"Cut it out? Cut it out? What doest thou wish me to sever? Now thou art shouting threats with blade to me in the sanctity of my own home?!"

And then it occured to me that perhaps this man actually was Shakespeare. Now, that's not very strange — that one would find William Shakespeare in his own home, not very odd at all...

And then I fainted.

The next thing I remembered was being revived by the tour guide, who had eventually returned to check up on me. Whatever, or whomever, I had conversed with was now nowhere to be seen. I asked the guide if any of the owners or employees of the restoration dressed in the Elizabethan manner, and she replied that no one but she wore a costume.

I visited the home every day for a week or so, and every time I would open the door to that closet and stare blankly.

However, at the end of the first week, Mr. Shakespeare appeared rather suddenly before my eyes. Again I passed out.

Mr. Shakespeare himself revived me this time and explained that he had been living in that closet, on and off, for 400 years. We chatted for a while about how the modern world compared to the 16th century. I began to grow accustomed to his existence, or semi-existence, in any case.

I would visit him every day, but unfortunately the true management of Shakespeare's home began to grow suspicious of my avid interest in this little room. I had to terminate my visits, but in my last meeting with Mr. Shakespeare I mentioned that I was going to a camp called Buck's Rock Work Camp, and explained to him that this camp was somewhere in the New World. I also remarked that in early August, Buck's Rock would hold an Elizabethan night, consisting of, among other things, a performance of scenes from Macbeth. He told me that he was interested and would consider stopping by Buck's Rock on Elizabethan Night - that is, if he could find Connecticut.

On August 1st, Elizabethan Night, I noticed a counselor on the porch of Buck's Rock that I hadn't remembered seeing before. True, he was dressed similarly to the others, in Medieval style, but somehow he didn't seem to belong there. To my great surprise, it was the famous playwright. I was very glad to see him again - I was beginning to wonder if the events in England had really occurred. At the close of the day, I discussed the evening's festivities with Mr. Shakespeare. My recollections of our conversation are printed here.

"Too bad that it had to rain tonight," I lamented.

"I think it to be odd that the people of this country are disturbed by this storm. Methinks this much ado about nothing, for the effects of rain, thunder, and sparks are dramatic; merely this an addition to the feeling of the night. The same ablessing not a burden."

"Mr. Shakespeare, do you feel that this night has been a fairly authentic representation of the age known as 'Elizabethan'?"

"Truly so. The players in the twilight theatrics—
the clowns, jugglers, and thespians stir my memory... I remember T was the twelfth night in June 1500 and some quantity
of years, when I first saw Richard, the Regal Juggler of
Rachensfort." He was the third Richard we had acquired to
entertain ere the main theatrics commenced. This Richard
was by far superior to those who had come before him. That
night in June, Richard was performing, and for reasons not
apparent to anyone, right before my eyes, yea verily, the
spectators, two gentlemen arose from their seats and smote
Richard severely with rotting fruits. Richard, being of a
sensitive nature, departed from our company to become a merchant in Italy. He was to peddle his wares from a gondola
on the waters. But enough of the past... I shan't say your
fools are of the same calibre as Richard, but I can'st speak
Ill of their performance, for they have proven dexterous
with their tools.

"Did you enjoy our production of your tragedy, Macbeth?

"Yes, though it be greatly different from the original. The idea of showing character relationships in a literal manner, such as having Banquo as a puppet, was a good one. The players be of tender age, yet the production was still no foolish comedy of blunders. I know that this shall be a tale that your young people shall continue to tell in fond remembrance well into the winters to come."

"What about the music and singing? Were these authentic?"

"Yea, in good sooth! The music, too, brings back great memories of the nights of midsummer when all the Shakespeares would sit in front of the flames and play the lute and ing the beautiful ballads of my era. May I congratulate my liege lord and her majesty for a superb representation of my time - from musicians to acrobats, from thespians and singers, from dancers to root beer dispensers."

"But Mr. Shakespeare, was it worth the long and arduous

journey?" the day, I discussed the evening's fastivities with Mr.

"Yea, my friend... All's well that ends well." abstrammal I "eldginot sist of bad it toot bad oot"

estavos eidi to sigoso sat ladi bao so Staton Rabin are disturbed by this storm, Welhicks 9:15 much ado about

Rachensfort. " He was the third Fichard we had acquired to enterials ere the mela theatrics commenced. This Richard Richard severely with rotting fruits, Richard, being of a

the elizabethan festival

Festivals are definitely not a way of life at Buck's Rock, save for the big Festival at the end of the summer, and the yearly Costume Balls. Notwithstanding, Lou Simon and David Perkins, both inveterate Shakespeare lovers, decided to hold an Elizabethan Night. Various shops cooperated and on August 1st, the Festival was held.

However, the Gods didn't approve of the whole idea and, a half-hour before the festivities were to begin, rained ned down, instead of wrath, just plain water. An outdoor supper had been planned, with musicians and madrigal singers serenading the eating public. The supper was moved indoors, but just as everyone was coming to the conclusion that the evening was off, the Gods decided They had better things to do, and the rain stopped.

The supper continued indoors in any case, and the music makers decided to make merry on the lawn afterwards. The meal itself was an overwhelmingly typical Buck's Rock repast: lamb, potato chips, carrots et al.

While our stomachs were busy coping with this, we went not to the lawn but to the ping-pong court. First, a recorder ensemble played various pieces, such as "Whoops! Do me no harm, Young Man!" They played well, despite the wind, which kept blowing their music away. All the men and women participating (I know, but it sounds so crass to say "boys and girls") were outfitted by the Costume Shop in appropriate raiment. Some of the male musicians cringed with embarassment over their tunics and tights. They shouldn't have, they all had very nice legs. Then came the madrigal singers, made up of the best singers in camp, led by golden-voiced Shelley Povzea. They sang pieces by the well-known Elizabethan composers Thomas Morley and John Dowland. They were short on altos, but extremely impressive.

The kick-off for the official festivities was a speech by Ernst, Thane of Bulova. While Lady lise stood resplendent in her regal robes, Ernst gave a totally nonsensical speech, composed of Shakespeare's most famous quotes.

Afterwards, everyone went to the volleyball court to watch the dance troupe cavort to the strains of the folk Music Department. While the dancers were doing their best, the Gods



decided to show their disapproval again, but the rain was by no means as torrential as it had been the first time. Only one or two went inside. Most enjoyed it. One noble soul (myself) grabbed an umbrella and stood over the musicians, protecting their highly valued instruments. A few selected pagans began praying to Hecate, and the rain ceased.

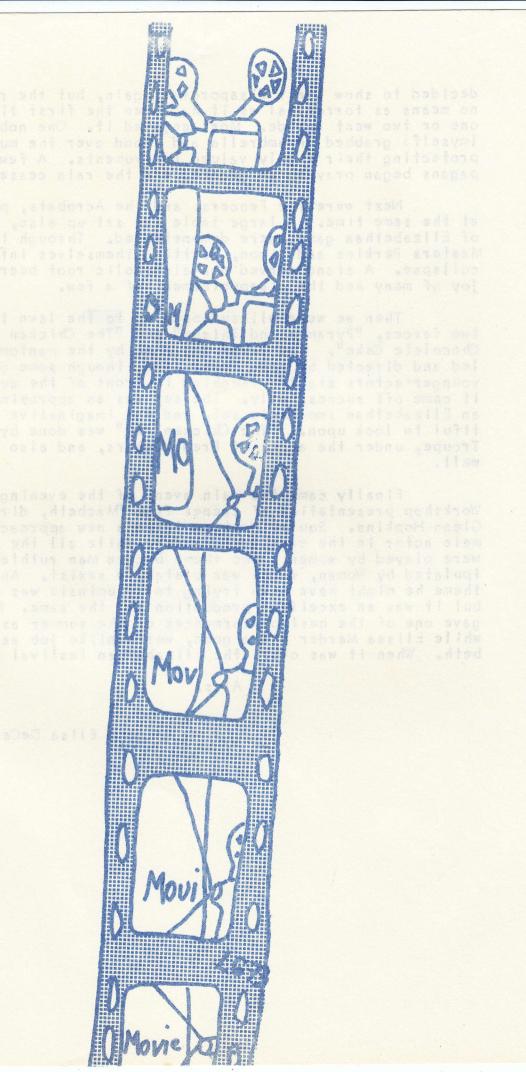
Next were the Fencers, and the Acrobats, performing at the same time. A large table was set up also, and versions of Elizabethan games were demonstrated. Through it all ran Masters Perkins and Simon, fretting themselves into a nervous collapse. A stand served non-alchoholic root beer, to the joy of many and the disappointment of a few.

Then we were all summoned up to the lawn to watch two farces, "Pyramus and Thisbe" and "The Chicken Pie and The Chocolate Cake". The first was done by the pantomime group, led and directed by Hana Topor, and, though some of the younger-actors started laughing in front of the audience, it came off successfully. The set was an approximation of an Elizabethan impromptu set, and was imaginative and beautiful to look upon. "The Chicken Pie" was done by the Clown Troupe, under the aegis of Fred Yockers, and also went over well.

Finally came the main event of the evening, the Actor's Workshop presentation of scenes from 'Macbeth, directed by Glenn Hopkins. Squire Hopkins tried a new approach. The only male actor in the cast was Macbeth, while all the other parts were played by women. The theme became Man ruthlessly manipulated by Woman, which was blatantly sexist. Any other theme he might have been trying to illuminate was quite lost, but it was an excellent production all the same. Mike Dutka gave one of the best performances of the summer as Macbeth, while Elissa Marder did a good, workmanlike job as Lady Macbeth. When it was over, the Elizabethan Festival had ended.

Alasi

Elisa DeCarlo



JOURNAL MARKET PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

It is a hard job choosing films to show a camp; one has to try to please everybody. This year was surprisingly successful. Many fine films were shown. Two years ago, they showed classic and art films, and the moment the campers saw a subtitle or foreign name most of them left. Last year, we were shown poor quality American films. This year, they settled for several well-known Hollywood productions.

The pre-seasoners were treated to "Bad Day at Black Rock," an action-adventure film of the late 1950's. In it, an aging, one-armed Spencer Tracy beats up Ernest Borgnine, who dripped extra pounds of flesh, in a matter of seconds. If this is your cup of tea, fine — this film was very good for the action genre. It featured some fine male performers including the aforementioned, the late Robert Ryan, Lee Marvin and Walter Brennan. It was directed by John Sturges, who specialises in this kind of hairy-chested stuff.

"The African Queen," as has been noted time and again, is a classic. The story of two people's struggle against nature is an intriguing one. The two contrasting characters, a prim Englishwoman and a guzzling American, are forced to work together for war and survival. They are played beautifully by two of Hollywoods greatest actors, Katherine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart. The other ingredients of the film were also fine—
including James Agee's bril lant screen treatment of C.S. Form rester's novel, and John Huston's directing.

Alfred Hitchcock directed "Rebecca" shortly after he came to America and it is one of his most stunning works. The story deals with a shy, quiet woman (Joan Fontaine) who marries Max de Winter, a rich aristocrat (Laurence Olivier). She is haunted by the memory of Rebecca, the first Mrs. de Winter, who was loved by everyone and whose memory lives on in the minds of Max, his friends, family, and servants. Some clever twists in the plot give Hitchcock the opportunity to use his camera and cast in clever ways. Olivier and Fontaine worked very well together, but Judith Anderson stole the show as Mrs. Danvers, the head servant.

The Marx Brothers famous first effort for M.G.M. proved to be one of their finest and funniest films. "A Night at the Opera," made in 1935, today remains a classic of film comedy, and is still as funny as ever.

of a fairly average mystery and it lacked a subtle director to modify the blatancy of the script. I think that if Alfred Hitchcock had directed it, it would have been much better, but its director, Otto Preminger, is about as subtle as a limp. It did have some good performances, though, especially Clifto. Webb's.

"Singin' in the Rain" is a perfectly delightful musical about Hollywood in the 1920's, when sound had just come in. It deals with the way this affects several people in a movie studio. It satirizes Hollywood, the movies, and the 1920's. It has a fast and funny script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and a musical score of standard tunes by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It features Gene Kelly (who co-directed with Stanley Donen), Donald O'Connor, Debbie Roynolds and Jean Hagen.

"My Darling Clementine" is one of John Ford's famous Westerns. It was fairly original in 1946, but now seems soppy and typical. It is a Wyatt Earp-Doc Holliday saga, played well by Henry Fonda and poorly by Victor Mature in their respective roles, with Linda Darnell thrown in for a little romantic flavoring. There are some funny lines ("Ever been in love, Joe?" "No, I been a bartender all my life.") and it was well filmed.

"Seven Days in May" is a fine political thriller, tautly directed by John Frankenheimer. Based on the Eisenhow-er-MacArthur conflicts of the 1950's. It still has a timely message about government and military politics. Frederic March and Burt Lancaster have field days in the respective roles of president and general, and Kirk Douglas, Edmond O'Brien, Martin Balsam and Ava Gardner (the token broad) co-star.

Unfortunately, this article had to be finished before the final film, "Thunder Rock", could be shown. In conclusion, I would like to say that these were all good films, and that I would be quite content with a summer's film program like this one. They were certainly better than the films we saw last year. But I think it would be even better if we were shown a few foreign films, even if only English ones. It would also be good to see some films that are not high-budget Hollywood productions, but more experimental ones, though successes none-theless. In our pursuit of the happy medium, it shouldn't be necessary for us to restrict ourselves to the glamorous Hollywood of the 1940's and 50's.

college bowl

The sign read: "Tonight at the gong, College Bowl!". Anyone who had been to Buck's Rock before would realize the meaning of those words. They would immediately bring to mind the sounds of buzzers, teams of so-called "connoiseurs" pounding their brains to find the forgotten answers to trivial questions, and the exuberant applause of the audience when a team has answered correctly and literally fought its way to victory.

This year, those qualities and characteristics were still inherent in the activity. But there were also certain inequities and "bugs", which not only kept such a promising event from being as enjoyable as possible, but may also have disheartened some from attending ever again, either as participants or as spectators. I don't mean such small annoyances as points lost due to buzzers that wouldn't ring, nor the inaudibility of the questions due to crowded conditions or poor microphones, nor even that we had a ridiculous system of elimination. The problem was in the questions themselves.

While our camp is proud to be called "sophisticated", our sophistication lies not only in the fields of science and drama — the two areas to which the questions were greatly slanted. In the 1973 College Bowl, the person who was not a specialist in either of these fields would not have survived. It was discovered that in one round about 30% of the questions were devoted to science, and you can guess how many theater—based questions there were.

Ridiculous, too, was the idea of ceramics getting into the last game with a score in the 90's, received in a fair game, while publications was left out with a score of nearly 150 points in a terribly science-slanted round. Yet ceramics was put in the finals.

The final game pitted science against ceramics and art. In a surprise game, ceramics emerged the winner, showing up both art and science. The final scores were as follows:

CERAMICS - 190

SCIENCE - 179

ART - 170

Even with all its problems, the College Bowl still managed to attract an audience that was as enthusiastic as the players themselves. Many had come to cheer their own team. Some had come to improve their own personal knowledge; but all came to have a fun evening. For these reasons, College Bowl remains a unifying and pleasant part of the summer at Buck's Rock.

STRATEORD

841 12 - 130 P.

Everytime I go to Stratford it rains. I believe that the mere fact that I am going there causes thunderstorms to strike the entire Eastern Seaboard. Be that as it may, it certainly has rained both times live been there.

We climbed achily off the bus after the ride from camp, and looked for Lou Simon, or The Man With The Tickets. He appeared und we surged round him, snatching the purple or yellow tickets. When the crowd dispersed he was lying on the ground, trampled and bruised.

Inside the theatre it was noisy, full of people afraid they'd miss the performance, or get wet. I wandered for a while, nodding to people, some of whom I really knew. Just as I was debating on whether to wait and use my two dollars wisely, or splurge it on an orange drink and a program, a metallic voice asked us to take our seats.

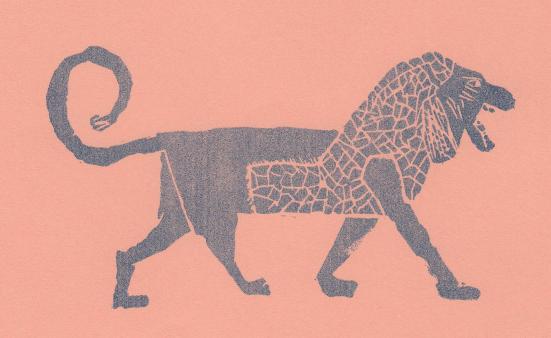
I was told that I couldn't bring my orange drink inside, which negated my magnificent splurge, so I hastily gulped it down and pushed inside with the rest. The seats were covered in blue fabric, an unimportant detail if I ever wrote one.

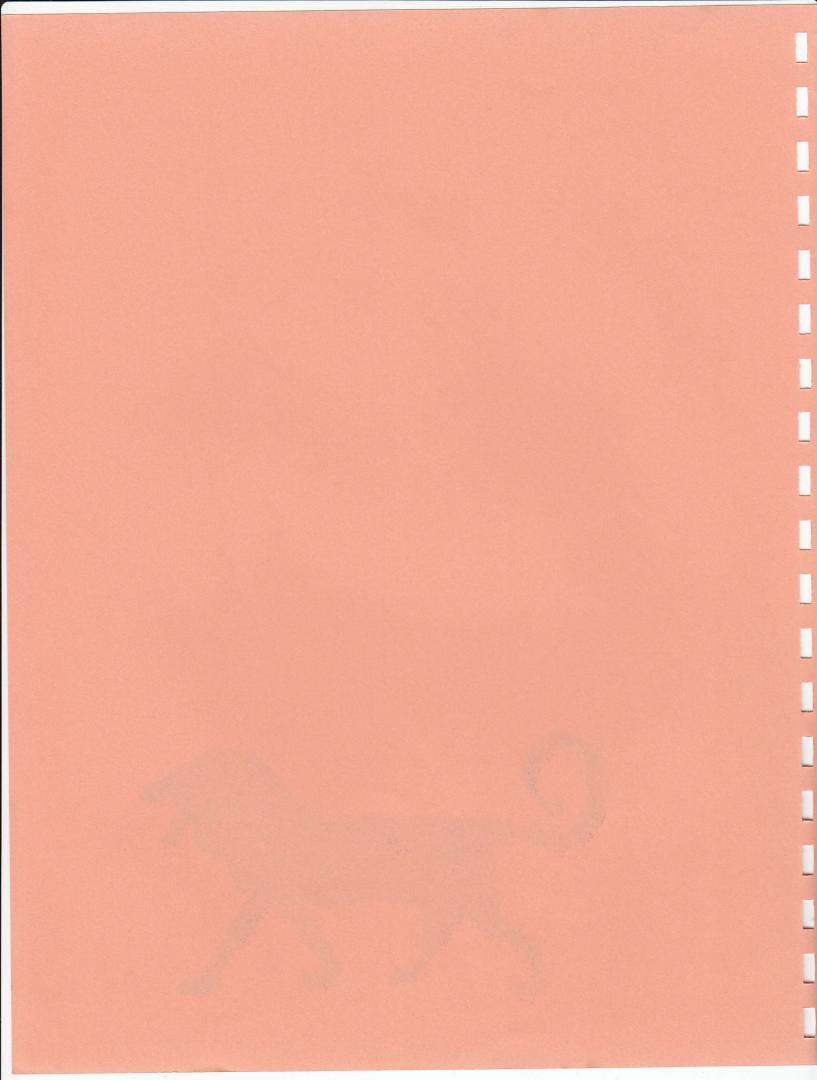
The stage was a slanfed metal thing which I had read about in the Times' Arts and eisure section, but the "Jagged metal wall" was quite different. It had doors and portholes in it. I observed this all as I argued with the person sitting in my seat. I eventually settled it by sitting semewhere else, just in time to glance at my program, as the lights dimmed.

The play was the same as it had been in 1609, but the setting altered it quite a bit. I'm afraid I don't have room to describe how here. Read the review in the Times.

After the performance, which I enjoyed highly, the man who played Macduff spoke to us for a few moments. The person behind me kept muttering that our questions were too superficial, but I frankly felt why should we be asking philosophical questions of an actor we don't know who is dying of heat prostration under his costume? I must say his performance was excellent. The major complaint I had for the whole play was that the start of the "Tommorrow and tommorrow and tommorrow" soliloquy was done while fritz Weave walked down some stairs, which detracted from the power of the speech.







Dear Katie.

It's my first day here at Buck's Rock. I got to Grand Central to find a very small group there.

There were about fifteen of us sitting at one end of an almost empty car. The scenery was rather bland, but I spent most of the time looking out the windows enyway. I always do on trains. Quite a few of the people had been to camp before, and they rattled off names and places calmiy. It made me rather sad; I felt like a stranger.

At Stamford, we changed trains to this strange shuttle. It was just one car. We were joined by about four or five other people. They were almost all old campers. I looked out the window more, but the scenery remained the same. It was a dreary day, and rain seemed inevitable.

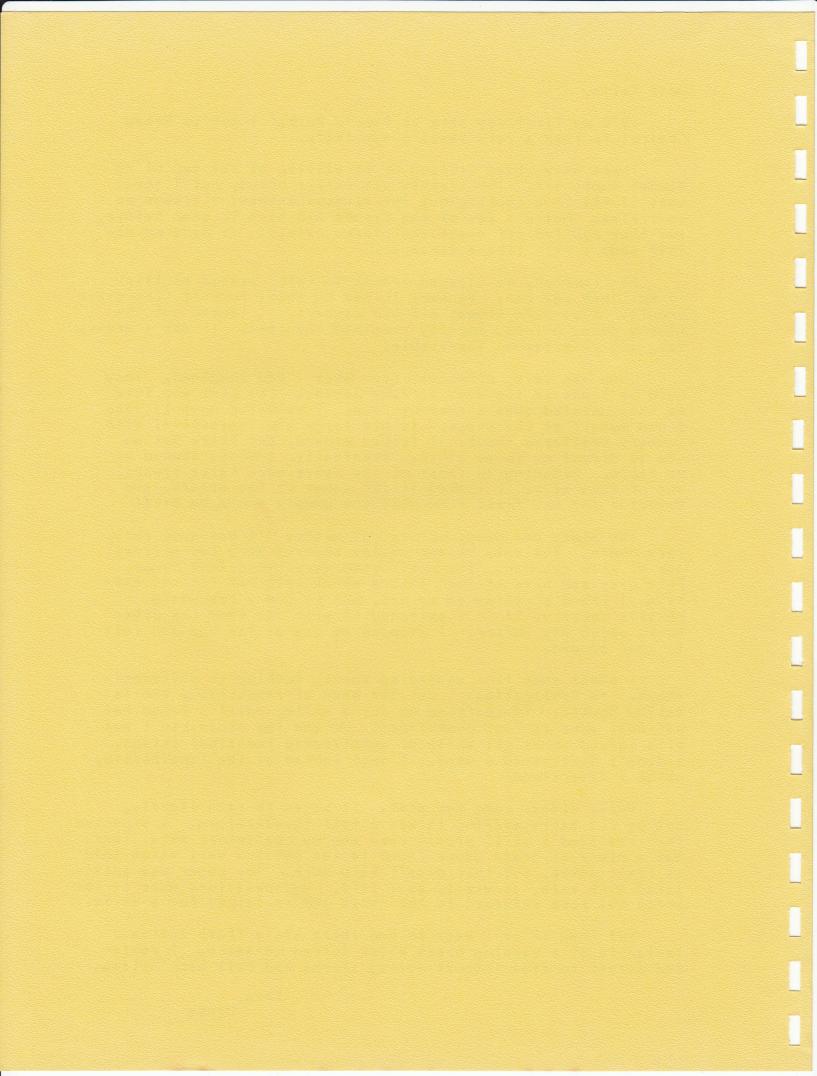
Camp was very different from what I had imagined. They told me I was in the Boys Terrace Cabins. The girl who told me this pointed down a near-by road. I wandered down it, and found myself at the stage. It was large and impressive, with scenery scattered about. I looked around, but there was no one to direct me to my cabin. Eventually, someone showed me my cabin. Standing in front of the doors were three trunks, one of them mine. I looked at the names on the others, and wondered for the first time what the people would be like.

The place was damp, chilly and musty. It was also very, very empty. The only things on the shelves were two mirrors, one of them cracked. The mattressed were typical of camps. Thin grey and blue striped things which slid off the bed easily. I found a pillow on my bed, but it had a rock-hard plastic cover on it so I switched it with one from the other bunk, which was softer. I dropped my bag on the bed and left to look around.

I spent some time wandering about, looking in different shops. In Publications I met the head of Production, who is called Bookie. It confused me for a while, until I found out his real name is Paul Bookbinder. He and the other kid I was with talked about all sorts of complicated technical things. I didn't understand a word. I just looked at the typewriters, which I understood.

Well, dinner came and went. It began to rain lightly, but by the early evening it was a full thunderstorm. I unpacked, then realized I still didn't know who my counselors were. There was a piece of green paper taped to the outside wall which told me their names, but that didn't help much. The paper was splattered with rain, as was I, so I left. My counselors were on the porch but soon returned to the cabin and we talked for a while.

Not long af ar I went to bed there was a flash followed instantly by a rending crash which joited me awake. I reminded myself to stay indoors during storms and fell back as leep.



HAPPY HUSTLER

A hustler in many places means a person who sits around in pool halls, makes bets, and swindles slot machines with slugs. But at Buck's Rock it carries a different meaning. To be blunt, it is someone who butts, cheats or sneaks his or her way into line for meals. The general opinion of this is negative. Same believe that it is utterly wrong. Others think, "It's OK, but not in front of me." Most, however, agree that hustlers are just babies who haven't the maturity to wait.

My opinion, however, is different. A hustler is someone who isn't content to be led along like a sheep, and is ambitious and intelligent enough to do something about it. The methods vary as much as the people. For all those coming back next year this article should prove useful.

METHOD I.) Picture this. You're late for dinner, and the line is long. "Who's that over there?" "Oh, my good friend Mmmphh." "Hi, Mmmphh. How're ya doing?" "Fine." "Do much?" "Nah, nothin much." "You?" "Nah, same here."

While your friendly conversation goes on, you slowly edge your way into line. There's a good chance that this friend-ly cover-up will fool the people around you long enough to get you into line.

METHOD 2.) This is the simplest and most obvious method. You simply observe the line from both sides, and look for a gap or spot where the line thins out. Then, carefully, inconspicuously, you fill it up. You are most likely to get caught this way since it's so obvious and anyone half-alert could catch you.

METHOD 3.1 When the counselor is looking toward the line you go in back through the other door and get in the back of the line. This method's success depends on going unnoticed, being inconspicuous. If you cut in front there somebody will question where you came from, and you will have blown.

METHOD 4.) Eating early. This method works primarily during lunch when Junior Life Saving, or on the days of a performance or trip. You simply walk in from about ten to thirty minutes early. Have an excuse ready, like live got JLS this lafternoon" or "lim on the Stratford trip, and we're leaving at noon of you're on the trip for real, you've got no problem.

I'm sure there are more careful methods but I don't know them. One last bit of advice: BE CAREFUL. If you get caught they'L be watching you, both campers and counselors.





of Aguans than tile int bas toose sait as down to viby



them. One local bit of ad

MUSTUIN ON Cannons was in the all looked around. Already I could bear the constent din of machin

As the loud tolling of the lunch gong chimed in my ears, realized, with great surprise that I was absolutely starving I ran quickly to the lunch line, hoping to get a good place. But alas I was too late. The line already stretched past the gong, past the canteen, and into the badminton courts as it usually did when half the campers had lined up. My stomach growled at me, "You better not wait on that line 'cause if you don't feed me quick, I'm gonna bother you lots." Already I could feel a strong ache at the pit of my stomach, and I knew I had to listen to that starving maniac. There was only one thing to do; I realized this in sad desperation. I had to hustle. Oh well... here goes nothing.

Like the expert hustler I was, I scanned the line for any friends... none. Oh, but there's Henry. I know him... (the fact that I haven't been on speaking terms with him since last summer never touched my mind.) "Hi, old friend," I say as I push my way into line. "How's it going?" But I am only at the gong now, and my stomach urges me on. I slip quietly between people, trying to go unnoticed. Just as I reach the first step, a great accomplishment for a hustler, who should be standing there but Gladys, my worst enemy, and unfortunately also the camp loudmouth. I edged to the other side of the line, hoping not to be seen. Not quick enough though... she had seen me. I hid my face in my hands, and tried to look innocent, all to no avail. "HUSTLER". The word rang in my ears, and I knew my day had come. I said my last prayers, and prepared myself, knowing full well that this might be my end. The cry had now bècome a full-chorused song; all the camp having joined in. "HUSTLER! HUSTLER!" I was being pushed, jostled, elbowed, destroyed from all sides. At the same time my hungry stomach was screaming at me. I could not stand it much 'onger... I began to feel faint. I felt my legs about to slip out from under me.

Here I am in the infirmary. I was very lucky. I pulled out with only a broken arm, and lots of scrapes and bruises. You should see the guy next door...

Tits written in some funny code or something." I sat down again exasperated. For some reason, my wind wandared back to my child-

soad aid ni raqaq to soaiq a paivrias ass madi to and an airell avid to and the item of the contract the state of the contract to make sure no contract trucks were following and ran paints; to make sure no contract trucks were followed at our toto of the contract of the



The roar of cannons was in the all too close distance. I looked around. Already I could hear the constant din of machine guns from all around me. Here I was, trapped behind enemy lines, with nothing on me except for my knife and my Batman ring. I sat down on a near-by rock and tryed to sort out my thoughts. My mind quickly darted back to last night, flying high above the ground where I now sat.

* *

I was in my usual seat, next to the captain's. We were on a surveillance run, checking out new enemy factories. We were ffying low, so that we wouldn't be detected by the enemy's radar, when suddenly a heavy air flow came along and we were picked up a thousand feet or so. Jack, the captain, managed to bring her down again right away, but there was all too good had been discovered.

We turned the ship around and began to head towards home, when all of a sudden we heard a ship's engine to the right side of us. Our worst fears were correct; we had been spotted. Jack tried to turn the plane left, but he noticed another ship on that side. He turned to me and in a solomn voice said, "I'm going to take her down, Bill." My heart jumped as the ship began to descend. We hadn't been dropping for more than ten seconds when we heard a loud thump and felt the floor of the cockpit shake. There was another ship under us! "It looks as if we are going to have to bail out," I said. "Okay, you first." I walked back to the door and opened it up. Jack gave me the signal. I jumped out of the plane. I looked back at the ship. Where the hell is Jack, I thought, when suddenly I saw the plane dive into one of the enemy planes, after which they both fell on the enemy's largest factory in the country. That Jack, I thought, a hero to the end.

* * *

So once again, I was sitting on this rock, in the middle of enemy territory, with nothing but a knife and a Batman ring. I walked through the woods for what seemed like ages, when I to a small road. This would make for faster traveling, I surmised. The sun was just beginning to rise, when I heard a truck from up the road. I jumped in the woods as it drove by. It was a covered truck, with men hanging on to the sides, as though they were firemen. One of them was carrying a piece of paper in his back pocket. As the truck turned, it fell out. I waited about five minutes, to make sure no other trucks were following, and ran out into the middle of the road to retrieve the slip. Running back under cover, I opened it up. "Hell," I said in a low voice, "It's written in some funny code or something." I sat down again, exasperated. For some reason, my mind wandered back to my child-hood days in Brooklyn.

I was sitting on the front steps of my brownstone house. I would have liked to be inside, except my parents weren't home and I didn't have a key. My mother drove up in the car. "You know I've been waiting here for an hour!" I yelled at her. "Ohh, I'm sorry, here's fifteen cents, go and get some candy." She was always doing that, trying to bribe me with candy. I took it and walked down to the corner candystore, and bought my usual selection, Crackerjacks. I went back home. Jesus Christ! My mother had left again, and I was still locked out. I sat down again on the front steps, and opened up my box of candy-coated popcorn, peanuts and a prize, and began to eat. Just as I got to the prize, my friend walked by. "What did you get?" he asked me. "This neat" o-grovvy Batman ring, "I answered. "Wow," he said, "what do you want for it?" "Nothing," I answered, "I ain't trading this prize for anything in the world. "Well then I'm not your friend anymore," he said, and ran off.

* *

Shazami I suddenly remembered my Batman ring, which I had kept all these years, and pulled it out of my pocket. That was where I had to keep it now, because it wouldn't fit my finger anymore. I opened it up and unveiled my Batman Decoder. "Now this message will be easy to crack," I said, and then I immediately began deciphering it. In no time at all, I was able to decode the message.

HarryPlease pick up a dozen eggs
and two loaves of bread on
the way home from the war.
-Suz

My heart went out for the poor man, who would now have to face his wife/girlfriend/sister/daughter/mother/casual aquaintence without two loaves of bread and a dozen eggs. I turned the slip of paper over. On the other side, there was what appeared to be an address. I put it in my shirt pocket, and made a mental note to deliver those goods the next time I passed through the town.

I was just about to walk back onto the road, when I felt a gun in my back. "Okay Joe, hands up." I almost fainted. I had been captured. From seemingly nowhere, a hundred enemy soldiers surrounded me. I became frantic. They led me for about an hour, until we were in a large field. I couldn't stand this slow torture anymore. I knew I had to escape. I pushed my leg out from behind and kicked the man who was holding the gun to my back. I ran as fast as possible. There was machine gun fire all around me, and cannons were firing in the distance. I knew that this was my end.

* * *

There was a ringing of bells in my ear which woke me up. Morning already? I thought. A counselor came into the room.

was sittle on the front stees of my brownstone house. I would have liked to be inside, except my parents weren't home "Come on you lazy bums, that was first breakfast already, get up, get up. " I tooked out the window. It was raining, and the rain made a hard, driving sound on the roof. In the distance, there was thunder. Hell, I thought. no aloga awoo issi stoo bwise little saw i as anisga tist bed an anisga tist bed anisga tist bed too polisky a says too say nearests and a prize, and began to set, just as 1 got to the prize my friend walked by, "What did you get?" he asked me, "This nest nearest very Baimsn ring, "I answered, "the seid, "what do you want for It?" "Nothing, "I asswered, "I ain't trading this prize for anything in the world, "Reil than I'm not your friend anym

I was just about to walk back onto the road, when I felt a qun in my back. "Stay jue, hands upt" I almost fainted. I had been captured, from assmingly nowhere, a hundred enemy soin diers surrounded me. I became fearlie. They led me for about as sour, until me were in a large field. I couldn't stand this slow toriure asymmere. I knew I had to escape. I pushed my leg out som behind and kicked the man who was holding the gun to my best ran as fast as possible. There was machine gun fire all asound my and cannons were firling in the distance. I knew that this was my end.

There was a ringing of bells in my dar which woke me up.

those wonderful care packages

After you have eaten a few of the camp meals, you might start to wonder how you are going to stave off your hunger for the rest of the summer. It is not uncommon to think of "good ole mom" and how she could cook. Pretty soon, you write home with a letter that might go something like this:

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm really having a great summer so far. The shops are lots of fun. I've already tie-died 7 undershirts,

3 underpants and 5 socks. However, there is one draw-back to Buck's Rock. To put it mildly, I'm dying of starvation. PLEASE send me food!

Your hungry daughter.

About a week after camp has started, the packages start rolling in. See, you're not so unique after all! You've gotten a huge package. In it is: a pair of jeans, 3 socks and a T-shirt, all of which you forgot to put in your trunk. Then there's the food: 2 boxes of Ritz crackers, 4 cans of Snack-Mate cheese, popcorn, pretzels and a lifetime supply of sugarless bubblegum. And finally, there's the letter. It invariably reads:

Hi Sweetheart!

I'm glad to hear you're having a great summer. However, I'm coming up to visit you on Saturday the 14th to make sure you're still alive.

Love,

So Mom and Dad travel for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Great Neck and get here at 11:30 with 8 cartons and a trunk load of food. 2 giant salamis and 4 loaves of rye are among the goodies.

That night the rest of the bunk is very hungry. So you give out the 8 cartons and trunkload of food. Then you give out your 2 giant salamis. Everyone really appreciates it. The next day the whole bunk is in the infirmary. You write a letter to your parents and it reads:

Dear Mom and Dad,
It was great to see you. The food was delicious. Right
now, I have a bit of a stomach ache but I'm terribly HUNGRY!

the of three Fifteen

I looked at the strange, warped old man sitting in the double chair next to the badmiton court. His body was hunched over. But his face held a strange glee as he watched the kids walked by. I watched him for a moment, then draped my towel over my shoulder and started for the porch. As I passed him, I tried not to stare, but his gleaming blue eyes were fixed upon me. His withered lips parted and the word. "Sucker" floated through the hot air.

"What ?" I turned to him. "What did you say ?"

His eyes took me in. "Goin' on the 2:00 run to the waterhole, are ye?"

I nodded.

"Sucker." He cackled. "I was a sucker too. I went on the three-fifteen run. Heh, heh. That was two years ago, when I was fifteen."

" Fif I broke out, laughing.

"Go ahead, laugh. I would have laughed. But you'll be like me tomorrow. Or worse. Heh, heh, I'll tell ye, son. If you go on that run, you'll not be the same. I did, heh, heh.

I remained silent, wondering how to escape the old geezer.

"Well, it was two years ago, on a day a little hotter than today. A scorcher, you might say. I got into my swimsuit, a nice red job, and slung a towel over my shoulder. Like you, Got on the three-fifteen with a bunch of the others. We was packed on them benches, the ones the stage couldn't use.

"They was hot, sitting in the sun all afternoon, and I put my towel under me. Then, just wehn another bunch was climbin' on, to sit on the floor, you see, they catted on one o' them aluminum canoes. Hot as the devil. One kid nudged it with his knee. Was in the infirmary for two weeks. Second degree burns.

"They got the driver for us, he was brought over on a stretcher. Heat prostration. He was floppin' around like a dead fish. Heh, heh. Dead fish. Where was 1?"

She stopped shouting and sturted an overly-rull

Well, they dropped the driver into the cab and tied his foot to the accelerator.

"We rolled past the parking lot, and cracked into a Green Chevy. Tore the fender clean off. Lost our brakes though. But it was downhill all the way. On the first big bump the canoe stid out the back, and stuck in the dirt.

" Five kids started bangin! on the back window, but the driver was fast alseep at that point. Truck lost its left side on a tree, and the kids on that side are supposedly still haunting it.

"I was under one of the beaches, hanging on for all I was worthe I suppose that's when I lost my hair and started agin a But what really did it was when we got to a turn. Killed three fisherman who were sitting by the river. The truck did a somersauli, and we lost another six. Kno-ked a State Police car into the waterhole at the end of the ride. But what really got me was when the swimmin' counselor walked up and said, for it tunishe wind off autocition is that the Mother

.-..- VIII TO Quite Fren; Bob of Villens win which he fill the to be perforest un

and this Bob, the driver, said "Yeah, nothin" out of the ordinary, "

I looked at the old man for a long time and then returned to my cabin. Who needs swimming anyway? After all, I thought, I can always take a cold showers.

"On." Silence. Them, "What do you think my brand are. Mother? she screemed. "I'm going on a grand cruise to the Moditerranean and then go hostelling with

Glenn J. Gers Modern to 1

my friends all over Europe--and you know now many friends

Seattle Filter and Jerick Sanguler Filter and Struck Sanguler Would Sanguler Struck Sanguler Would Sanguler Sanguler Sanguler Would Sanguler Sangul

1 441

A SUMMER'S TAIS

She wanted to write a story-well, maybe not actually a story-but a piece of writing-something to look back on after it was all printed and have some feeling of accomplishment. She also wanted to paint a large oil painting, weave a wall hanging, and make a necklace in silver-she wanted to be creative. And this was just the place to do just that-Whitman Summer Work Camp. An ultracreative place. Her mother had spotted an advertisement for it in the back of the New York Times Magazine. She remembered it well; one dull, rainy morning back in February. She had wandered into the kitchen to break her diet with some bread and jelly when her mother called

- "What are you going to do with yourself this summer, Denise?"
 - "What the hell brought that on ?"

out to her over the Times and some cold coffee.

- " I just wanted to know what your plans were."
- "Oh." Silence. Then, "What do you think my plans are, Mother? she screamed, "I'm going on a grand cruise to the Mediterranean and then go hostelling with my friends all over Europe—and you know how many friends I have, Mother. I'll have a ball—then I'll come home just before school starts and go shopping on Fifth Avenue for my big fall wardrobe and maybe have time to relax outside, by the pool. "She gazed outside the window. The backyard. Some dead plants, tremendous weeds (her mother's attempt at a suburban garden) and two rusty lawn chairs covered with bird droppings.

"What kind of question is that, Mother? You know what I'll do--I'll sit in my smelly room, rotting on my butt all summer--just like I've been doing for my whole sixteen years."

She stopped shouting and stuffed an overly-full peanut butter and jelly sandwich into her mouth. She

should not have said that. She knew that her parents had never been able to send her anywhere for the summer. It was not their fault. They spent too much time and money paying bills and seeing doctors.

She had always wanted to go places, though. She had begged to go to sleep-away camp once when she was eleven and finally her parents gave in - but only to a cheap-o YMHA camp in Pennsylvania. Denise backed out be cause it was "Too Jewish" for her. After that summer, however, she constantly reminded her parents how they never went anywhere on vacations or in the summertime and she asked them again if she could go to camp (an expensive one in Maine) and when they said "No", she made them feel sorry for her and embarrassed because they lacked the means for a comfortable life.

In the ninth grade Spanish class, right before Christmas vacation, Senorita Rivera went around the room asking in Spanish:

"Where are you going on your vacation?"

(An honest question - it was a very upper-middle-class neighborhood.) The children in the first rows, all very Bloomingdalesey dressed, went on and on about Curacao, Aruba, Italy, Greece...(one girl was embarrassed because she was only going to Florida), until Senorita Rivera came to Denise.

"Y tu, senorita?"

Denise made sure to speak in English so everyone could understand. "I'm staying here. My parents are too cheap to go anyplace." Silence. Embarrassment fluttered about the room. Denise sat back, proud and smiling.

Now, standing in the kitchen listening to her mother, she felt guilty and embarrassed, remembering this, and she was glad she had never mentioned it to her mother.

"Denise, "her mother began again, "Please do not get that way with me; I'm trying to do something nice for you." She began to cry. Denise wanted to apologize and maybe put her arms around her mother and say that she loved her, but all she could do was sit still, very stunned, staring at the coffee rings on the formica "marble" tabletop, feeling like she wanted to kill herself. Her mother slowly calmed herself down and took a rumpled Kleenex from the rolled-up sleeve of

her faded, flowered cotton bathrobe. Her mother began once more, fully calm--even smiling.

(Was it all an act?)

She motioned Denise to sit down at the table and as Denise slid herself onto the splintered wooden chair, her mother held up the New York Times Magazine and began searching for the ad with a pocket size magnifying glass (her eyeglasses had broken).

"Here it is, " she said at last. "You remember-Dottie Pearlstein's two boys went there-- Whitman Summer
Work Camp.

Daddy and I have been discussing you this past week and we've decided that it would be very good for you to get away from here this summer.

" No kidding," Denise thought.

"Anyway, we thought that this type of an experience would be very beneficial to your growth and maturity at this point in your life. It's a very unregimented camp with a creative atmosphere." She showed Denise the ad.

Denise was reallly surprised. She really wanted to go, but to make her parents feel sorry for her (as if they had to force her to go), she started crying and said "Go to Hell! You can't make me go to that rat-hole and I won't go! Dottie Pearlstein. Who is she anyway? Some real fine example of a woman—I saw her from the school bus once. She was in her car picking her nose— and she thought no one would see her. And those two fine boys of hers; those kids think they're artists—the two most effeminate boys in the whole stupid world— they collect flowers and read poetry. That's real swell, Mother. You're not sending me to no camp like that. With the boys there—well, I might as well go to an all-girls camp!"

She ran from the table (a grand dramatic exit), and of course stubbed her toe on the way. She cursed herself all the way to the bedroom, shut the door and locked it. She was enraged at this point and began kicking things in the room. There was nothing to kick, actually. The room was small, and was overpowered by a striking bentwood rocking chair that she had bought with her babysitting money. Whenever people asked what her room was like, she would reply: "Well I have a bentwood rocker,"...(it really impressed people...bentwood rockers were the latest rage). But they



stopped at that - they never asked what the rest of it was... an old set of pine drawers, some impressive looking but cheap, art supplies, some 'groovy-man' posters, chipping plaster, and among other invalid garbage, some art post cards that she had bought at the Museum of Modern Art on a class field trip, which were taped neatly on the wall above her bed. Her room had a shabby atmosphere with slightly interesting overtones.

She slammed herself down on the bed. (But who was she impressing - her mother was not there...) So, she began to think over what her mother had just suggested. "She reads too much Haim Ginott and R. v. Laing," she

thought. "Beneficial for my maturing and growth — the only thing good for my growth and maturing is for me to drop dead. On the other hand, Jedd and Franklin had a great time at that place — and they are really fabulous artists. Maybe I will go...they might go back there. Jedd's adorable," she thought, "and he asked me out once." And she saw Franklin coming out of the gym once in a very funny looking tight pair of gym shorts. He was the king jock of the whole high school and he and Denise went into hysterics over his outfit. "I always had a crush on him," she thought in retrospect.

At this point, her mother was deep into writing a letter of inquiry. Denise was going to Whitman Summer Work Camp and that was that:

So, here she sat in Whitman Summer Work Camp - wanting to do something creative—to feel productive. The camp was very expensive and each letter from home kept reminding her of \$ 20 a day, \$ 20 a day. She just had to do something as proof of her existence there that summer. And her story was just not developing. She made excuses—mental blocks, she said—it's too hot here—I'm used to air conditioning.

(The only air conditioning she was used to was from the flocks of 50¢ paper fans her mother bought from a little store in the Village. "We can hang them on the wall in the living room," her mother boasted, "and cover the chips in the paint—How clever." Denise didn't think it was very clever.)

She got up and walked away from the discussion under the pine trees—the creative writing class. Her story was just not coming through. She walked to the bunk, tripping on rocks, feeling fat and clumsily conspicuous.

("I can't eat any more snacks," she thought.)

There were some girls sitting out on the terrace (from Scarsdale). Denise pulled in her stomach and made an effort to tuck in her shirt which was shredded at the bottom. She smiled as she passed them—she had to step over them and felt very embarrassed because she thought she smelled. She shut the door of her bunk. Empty. She heard half-smothered giggles immediately.

The next day she ate breakfast alone, as usual, and kept her eyes open and looked around like a frightened squirrel. "Everyone is looking at me, "she thought. She knew that the second she bent her head over to eat her Rice Krispies, everyone would use that split second to get in some good gossip about Denise (Denise).

She went to the art studio. "It's very cliquey." she thought. And the counselors all acted as if she did not exist. She had to repeat herself again and again. saying nonsense words and such so that she would catch their attention. Finally, Ned, the head counselor of the shop, saw Denise and came over. They discussed her ideas (Denise, enthusiastically; Ned, with little interest) until Ned suggested, in a very nice way, that she should relax (she did not feel neurotic; what did he mean, relax?!) and come back another time when she had more creative and concrete ideas. Denise felt rejected but she thought. ("He doesn't know ART anyway!") and stormed out of the shop. She went to the silver shop. She hated the girl who ran it but she wanted to make something in silver desperately. She looked in. The girls from the bunk were there. She heard laughter (about her, naturally, she thought) and fled. Feeling really frustrated, she deceided spontaneous-Iv that she had been sent here to be productive and to grow in maturity; if that was the case then one other way she could do that was to just sit and think. "THINKING= GROWING," she thought in revelation (another excuse).

So, she began to meditate under a tree. At this point, Fern, the house counselor from Denise's bunk, who was a psychology major at Brandeis, ("And pretty screwed up, herself," thought Denise) sauntered by in a huff.

"Oh Denise--" she spat when she talked." Denise, you know something; you are really being productive--are you thinking? Well, that's very scholarly of you. Thinking is about the most active you have been all summer! You know, it is almost Festival, the last day, my dear."

She said 'My dear' in a very sarcastic manner, "and what have you to show for it--nothing." (By this point, Denise was stunned). "You just sit around the bunk all day long with your filthy head staring off into space--I know what your are, young lady, I finally have you all figured out. You are a paranoid, introverted schizophrenic and the only way you can make it better is to get off your fat rear end and do something, Honey," (Fern was screaming at this point "and stop wasting your poor parent's money. And it doesn't matter anyway--we ALL know you're on scholarship here--all of us."

Realizing that she had said much too much, Fern ran off, leaving Denise frozen with shock.

Denise began crying loudly. It was the weekend and the parents all came up so everyone would hear her and see what a lousy camp it was--Whitman Summer Work Camp--and take their wretched, rich little brats home. Denise felt as if she were on stage (very dramatic) and she began to run around in hysterical frustration from shop to shop. She felt really bizarre and had a feeling of deja-vu. (She had seen this type of frustration in an old movie, "What Ever Happened to baby Jane?", with her favorite, Bette Davis.)

By this point, Denise was running, arms waving, (like that famous My Lai photograph of the naked Vietnamese girl) running fast, down the rocky, hilly Whitman Road. (It was visiting day and everyone would hear her.)

She ran past all the shops and flew by the Music Shed. They were blasting an exciting part from Ravel's "Bolero" and Denise thought this all to be even more dramatic as she sped on down the road.

A shiny Lincoln Continental was coming up the road simultaneously, at top speed, and just before it hit Denise and killed her, she thought to herself, "This'll make a great story."

Fern by now was in the counselors' lounge.

"I'm sorry I screamed at that girl, Denise," she remarked casually to another counselor, I just had a bad day."

Trapped. He knew there was no way out. He couldn't convince himself to escape backwards, and should he try to move forwards faster than was allowed, he would face the supreme penalty. forced to stay in one place, while the sounds were being driven into what was left of his brain. Over and over, the sounds came. Again and again and again. It seemed like forever to him. He thought he would never get to lunch.

parling her doc by its collec-

to a control of the c ້າ ຫຼືປະຊາດ ແລະ ເປັນສະ ພາກ ເປັນ ເປັນເສດ ປະຕິ ທີ່ໄດ້. ພາກ ກວະຕິຄັດນີ້ ຄວາ ປະຊາດ ປະຕິ low, driver span. It poseed to art there we sty this room filler were up to big and tapped bit on the shoulders.

"Vellage way ob ledw as allow"

Sitting on the lawn after supper. Shadows slowly disproportioned. To the fiber vo with the At the roads termination, A meeting of minds, past and present.

My imagination turns to Lawrence,

A stallion floats in the twilight sky. As the image fades, I listen Involved in a voice. Time passes, and we separate.

My imagination has been touched. stord something bearing october the half.

elaca ov cal.B. Copulsky at sman y collect. as wis and a section of a section of the section of signification of barracks to unnecks.

increase a substant of a substant some of the light of the control com so this or a hid out of another had been shown as a good show a some of the sound of the sou a relegaves whose rook to eas all and assets it?

OUR GANG

This would be my first summer at camp and also one of my last. It had been a long drive up and we were all a little tired. My father went to the office to tell them I had arrived. Then all of a sudden we heard a how! like nothing we had ever heard before. I turned around and there was this little girl pulling her dog by its collar.

We walked down to what was to be my home for the next two months. We went in by the screen door and walked down the corridor. On the way we passed a counselors room. But before my father was able to knock on the door, we heard a low, dreary moan. We peered in and there we saw this huge man sitting in a lotus position with his eyes closed. My father went up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well... what do you want?"

"My son just got here," my father said. "He was sick for a week and so wasn't..."

"Oh, you must be the Smith's. He's just down the hall. Make yourselves at home, but close the door behind you so I can finish my meditation."

We went down the hall to my new room. Suddenly we were almost thrown off our feet. This kid with glasses and buck teeth screamed "Tag! You're it!" and ran off.

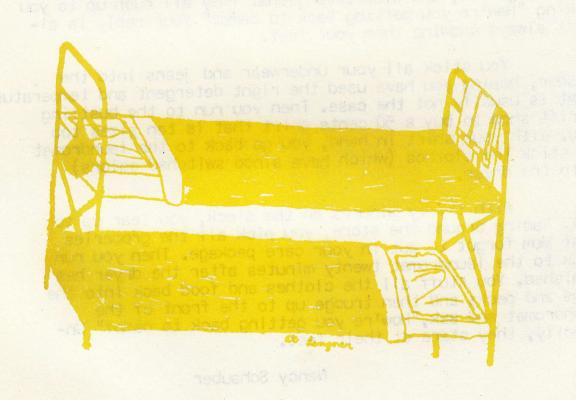
We picked ourselves up and entered the room. Its color was a sick army green, but we noticed some hot chocolate stains which made it look slightly more cheerful. Then we heard somebody walking heavily down the hall.

"Hello. My name is Jerry. I'm one of your son's counselors." He was like nothing I had ever seen before. He was hairy and muscular and had the biggest feet you ever saw. When he left us I started to unpack.

Then all of a sudden we heard somebody playing the flute with a French beret on. "My name is Paul. I'm one of your son's counselors." And then, to top this, a little man wearing specks and smoking a huge cigar came in. "My name is Chicelene, and I'm one of your son's counselors."

So for my counselors I had a yoga freak, a hairy, muscular ape, a French musician, and a short crazy man whethought he was Groucho Marx. On the way home, I thought much fun it had been to have lived with these freaks for two months.

John Ravitz



THOSE TRIPS INTO TOUN

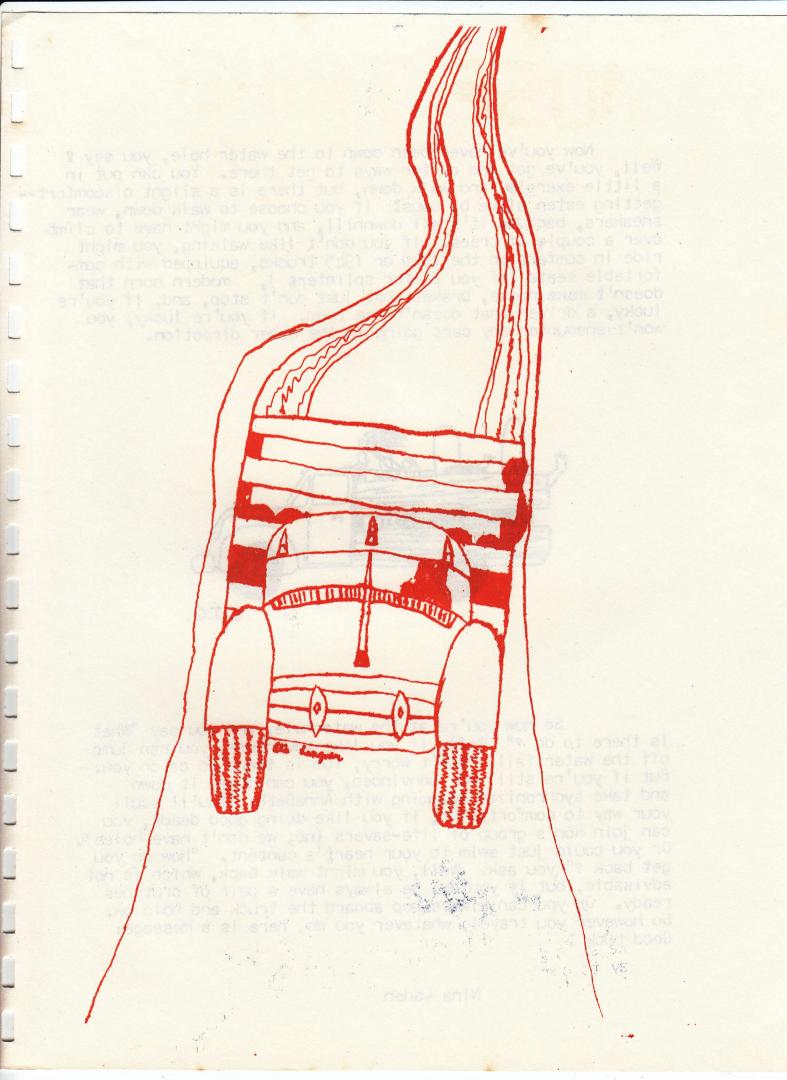
When your clothes are dirty and smelly and you are beginning to get tired of the camp food, you start that long, hard journey into New Milford. With a pack on your back and your laundry bag over your shoulder, you stagger down Buck's Rock Road hoping that some kind person will give you a ride. If you are lucky (as many people are) the VW bus or another camp car will pull up beside you.

There, you meet twenty-five other people from camp with clayed, glazed, and plastered jeans. They all rush up to you asking "How're you getting back to camp?" Your reply is almost always showing them your feet.

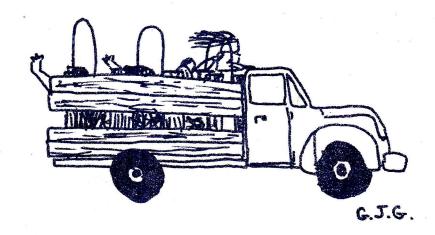
You stick all your underwear and jeans into the washer, hoping you have used the right detergent and temperature. That is usually not the case. Then you run to the bustling thrift shop to buy a 50 cents shirt that is ten sizes too big. With your shirt in hand, you go back to the laundromat to stick the clothes (which have since switched colors) into the dryer.

With thirty minutes on the clock, you tear up to IGA. Racing around the store, you pick all the groceries that Mom forgot to put in your care package. Then you run back to the laundromat twenty minutes after the dryer has finished. You stuff all the clothes and food back into the bags and packs and then trudge up to the front of the laundromat and ask, "How're you getting back to camp?" Unhappily, they stare at their feet.

Nancy Schauber



Now you've never been down to the water hole, you say?
Well, you've got one of two ways to get there. You can put in
a little exercise and walk down, but there is a slight discomfort—
getting eaten alive by bugs! If you choose to walk down, wear
sneakers, because it's all downhill, and you might have to climb
over a couple of trees. If you don't like walking, you might
ride in comfort on the 1940 or 1945 trucks, equipped with comfortable seats (if you prefer splinters), modern horn that
doesn't make noise, brakes that just don't stop, and, if you're
lucky, a driver that doesn't use them. If you're lucky, you
won't encounter any cars going in the other direction.



So now you're at the waterhole, and you say "What is there to do?" Well, if you like adventure, you can jump off the water fall. Don't worry, Tom is there to catch you. But if you're still not convinced, you can quiet it down and take sychronized swimming with AnnaBeth. You'll scull your way to comfort. Or, if you like doing good deeds, you can join Ron's group of life-savers (no, we don't have holes). Or you could just swim to your heart's content. "How do you get back?" you ask. Well, you might walk back, which is not advisable, but if you do, we always have a pair of crutches ready. Or you can always hop aboard the truck and hold on. So however you travel, whatever you do, here is a message: Good Luck!

MY SIRST OVERVIGHT

I signed up for an overnight to Taconic State Park. I was able to borrow a sleeping bag and I already had a canteen and backpack, so I was ready. Then came the big day. We were to meet on the porch at 9:30 a.m. All nine kids were there at 9:30, but our counselors weren't. Then one of the counselors arrived, brushing his teeth with a dry toothbrush, as usual. Eventually, our other counselor came — a tall man with a German accent and a big fuzzy beard. Together, for some reason, they reminded me of Laurel and Hardy.

We had to use the back for the tents and the food. So the seating was two in the front, four in the next seat, and five in the back seat. Unfortunately, I was put in the back. All five of us were totally crushed. Ron then announced a change of plans: we were heading for Black Rock State Park instead.

when we finally got there, we set up camp under some pine trees. We hiked up to see the great Black Rock Dam. Eating raspberries on the way down, we returned to cross the stream at the bottom of the valley only to climb up again, this time to Black Rock itself. Later on, we swam (in spite of the rain) in the lake in the park. In the evening, we returned to camp and it was still raining. So we had to set up a tarp over the fire. Then we found out that our tent leaked in numerous places. My friend's sleeping bag was totally soaked but, luckily, mine was only wet. Another kid had a cold. So all three of us had to sleep in the V.W. bus.

We woke up the next morning at 6:30 and had to take down the tents with stiff necks. So we returned to camp cramped, soggy, but happy.

David Weiss

THREE LIMERICKS

- I.) I truly like the taste of wine

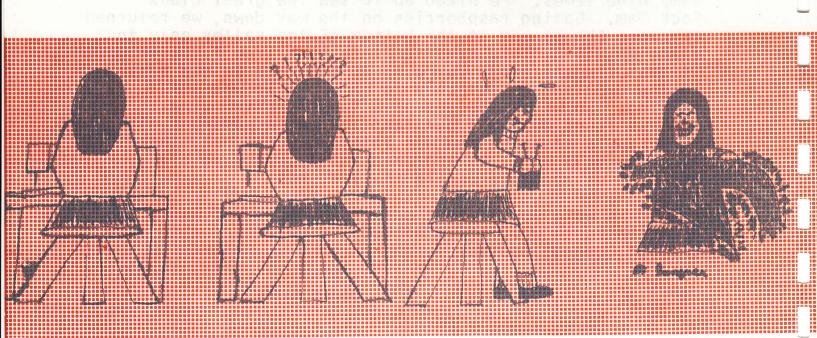
 But from the sweetest of the vine,

 Alas, there was a catch

 When from the first batch

 I got hives from the wine, how divine:
- II.) There once was a girl who started to sew
 The "Singer" machine just wouldn't go She decided to quit
 And learn how to knit
 But unfortunately she dropped every row.
 - III.) There once was a tree that started to grow
 All of its leaves started to show
 It blossomed and flourished,
 Was organically nourished,
 Protected from man, its true foe.

not prissed ensw ew canalo to engent a beenwonne mant beetan Carol Bucholtzions saste



TRE DRIMINOS

He had seen it for only a fleeting moment. As the shadow hovered among the trees he let loose with his bow and the arrow's smooth wooden shaft slipped easily through the air. The crude flint tip thudded into the shoulder of a large buck and was quick-ly stained by a spurt of blood. The buck felt a surge of pain and bounded deeper into the forest, smashing into branches and saplings in his blind rush to rid himself of the clinging arrow.

The hunter peered at the trail. Pools of blood indicated it was a vital wound and that he could soon catch up with the wounded buck. Clutching his heavy axe in one hand he began to run tirelessly and without stop. His experienced eyes, set low beneath his protruding forehead, picked out the signs of importance - a broken twig, a blood-stained leaf; all pointing out a clear and concise trail to follow.

His body, essentially that of primitive man, was muscular and ungainly. His back was arched over, making him appear quite short. He had black, matted hair and a rough beard, and was clothed in a thick bear skin draped over his shoulder and tied at the waist by a thong of deerhide.

The deer fled onward. Although he had stopped his frenzied rush, he still realized he was pursued and pushed on to the best of his en durance. Occasionally tripping or faltering from loss of blood, he kept up a good speed. The man, still fresh, continued in pursuit even though the sun had already reached its zenith and was now descending towards the western horizon.

Slowly, but surely, the gap between them grew shorter and the buck sensed he was in danger. Soon the buck emerged onto the edge of a cliff, the man less than a mile behind. Looking around, the deer discovered himself being closed in by giant pinnacles of rock. The man appeared from behind the trees not far away. The buck gazed at him, terrified for a moment, and then, summoning all his strength, leaped over the cliff. He fell into the river below with a huge splash, and disappeared under the surface. Moments later, he emerged swimming strenuously. He dragged himself up onto the bank and disappeared into the tangled brush.

The man, worried at the idea of losing his quarry, clambered down the rocky cliffs and looked for a place where he could cross. He had never crossed the river, nor had any-

one he had ever known, but the prospect of fresh meat drove him on. After finding an easy crossing, he got to the other side and found the spot where the buck had emerged. To his dismay, there was no evidence of any trail at all. He set out up the hill in search of some sign of the wounded deer.

Before he knew it, he was nearly out of sight of the river below him. It was close to evening and he was getting worried about staying in this place where he had never been before. He decided to get to the top of the hill to survey the area and find the quickest way back to his cave. Just before he reached the top he glanced up and saw. towering above him, the buck standing on the huge rock crowning the crest of the hill. The buck's great muscles rippled beneath its glossy brown hide. The arerow had disappeared and the blood on the wound had clotted. He held his head high and waved his magnificent antiers contemptuously ... and then he was gone.

Just then the man turned his head and saw a great stone lion. Believing it was alive, he froze with fear. He had never seen anything like it before. Slowly and carefully, he slung an arrow into his bow and shot it straight at the animal. To his surprise the arrow cracked in two and fell at the feet of the strange animal. Struck with terror at the idea of offending the god impervious to his primitive weapons, he inched back until he was out of sight of the lion 'god'. He looked around and found himself in the midst of wooden ruins. In one corner, a grey stone smokestack stood, stained with smoke and ashes. Its great metal doors, preserved over the years, clanked in the wind. Stunned by his primitive incomprehension, he roamed further, marvelling at these relics of his past.

Soon afterwards he came upon a giant metal gone, cracked and corroded, jutting from a pile of rubble and rotting wood. He gazed around to see a few bleak walls and still more ruined remains of what used to be wooden buildings. Out of the center of one grew a tree which must have been decades old. Far in the corner of an over-grown field were the stark and bare branches of a huge dead oak tree.

Filled with awe, he slowly moved around the ruins until his eye caught on a painted and carved sign. On it was written: BUCK'S ROCK. At the sight of the lettering he could not understand, a hate brimmed up inside him, prompted by some ancient catastrophe. He raised his hatched and began to hack away at the sign. He had just raised his hatchet again, when a slim, neatly-dressed man appeared from behind a wall, and said in a slight German accent:

"Stop that, this is not that kind of camp!"

Benjamin Cohen

FILLABREW ON

The result of th

Stallot and a series of the se

The state of the s

After break of the countries of the solid and the solid bears of the countries of the solid bears of the solid bears and crafts list, putiting proper bear usually overties the arts and crafts list, putiting the reservances who take a test extre minutes to est this three break ast complain eventually that they always seem to be stuck with the arts and crafts, and that they always seem to be stuck with modern dence. We are quite unlike that, since we can go to specialized art and craft shops, and no fresh from one place to crafts come ever gets since with an activity, like the came another. No one ever gets since with an activity, like the came another, where he spands his time.

DO WE REALLY HAVE IT THAT GOOD?

Take a typical day at Camp Gitchy-Goomy. You wake up each day at 7:30 to the sound of a bugle in the distance, or maybe a voice blaring over the loudspeaker that it's a beautiful day in sunny Pennsylvania, and that breakfast will be served to Division A in ten minutes, Division B in fifteen, etc. At Buck's Rosk the ominous gong awakens us each morning, and if you're lucky enough to live so far away that it's difficult to hear the gong in a semi-conscious state, a counselor will open the door, and plead with you to get out of bed.

Once they have crowded into the bathroom, the folks at Gitchy- Goomy must do their assigned jobs, such as sweeping, dusting, collecting the garbage, cleaning the sinks and toilets. All this must be accomplished in a matter of minutes before breakfast and flag-raising. Flag- raising is always a high point of the day. The entire camp lines up, says the Pledge, and listens to the announcements for the day. All the while, impeccably dressed campers are busily combing their hair, and tying their shoes, which "should have been done in their bunk." Then one by one, each each bunk gets in line for breakfast, usually in order of which cabin won the inspection for the previous day. Inspection is a curious thing. Head counselors search each square inch of each bunk for an object out of place, or an extra piece of dust on the floor. These items get marked down as a bad mark against the bunk, and too many bad marks usually mean a punishment of some sort, such as not bieng able to swim on a hot day.

At breakfast, a Gitchy-Goomyer must always sit with his entire bunk at his assigned table. This can get rather monotonous, and does not make for harmonious relationships over passing the salt. Buck's Rockers go to meals at anytime between the hours the kitchen is open, and sit wherever there is place for them.

After breakfast, the folks at Gitchy-Goomy must hurry back to thier areas to sign up for activities. The lucky first people back usually overtake the arts and crafts list, putting thier names and those of thier friends first each day. Other irate campers who take a few extra minutes to eat thier breakfast complain eventually that Jane and Julie always get to go to arts and crafts, and that they always seem to be "stuck" with modern dance. We are quite unlike that, since we can go to specialized art and craft shops, and go freely from one place to another. No one ever gets stuck with an activity. It's the campers own choice where he spends his time.

Activities are not the only things which occupy our time. If we need extra supplies or are in the mood for an ice cream sundae, we can walk into New Milford. No hitch-hiking, never fear. The poor fellows at Gitchy-Goomy must rely on Visiting Day for the needed supplies, although they never get into town for those ice cream sundaes. Parents are continually wandering in and out of Buck's Rock, taking the campers to town or out to meals. At our other camp, parents swarm down twice a summer like pigeons grabbing for the last bread crumb, and spend five or so hours catching up on events over a picnic lunch prepared with the campers favorite delicacies. At the end of the alloted time an announcement is made that "it's time for parents to go home" and "please don't dawdle". The whole camp then comes down with stomach viruses and bouts of homesickness. Buck's Rockers are allowed to spend as much or as little time as they want with their parents, which thus reduces the cases of homesickness, though I doubt the reduction in stomach aches.

On various out-of-camp trips our friends at Gitchy-Goomy sneak away to the telephones to see if they can "get away with" calling their parents. A whispered hello or a "Whoops! Here comes my counselor," usually puts an abrupt end to those conversations. It's an awful misdeed to try to reach your parents by phone. On the other hand, we are free to use the two camper telephones at any time from wake-up to go-to-sleep gong. That may not be as good for our parents collect telephone bills, but it is perfect for those who like to hear voices every now and then rather than read handwriting.

Dances are another thing we miss at Buck's Rock. No Friday night socials with boys on one side of the room and girls on the other, all dressed in their camp finery. We're free to socialise and be friends during the day, leaving no need for formal occasions like dances.

Here, organized swimming has been eliminated, making it easier for one to adapt to a schedule. At Gitchy-Goomy, swimming instruction is held in the morning and general swim in the afternoon. This brings fear to the hearts of some, since they might not be in the mood to swim on some days. They are nevertheless forced into the water, which forever brings hostile feelings towards swimming in general. Our water hole is so far removed from camp that one's hostile feelings are generally directed towards the drivers of the vehicles which are used to transport the campers to and fro. But as soon as one arrives at the water hole, realizing that one has arrived alive, all former rash comments are hastily forgotten.

I have seen yearbooks from Buck's Rock's previous years.

Looking back, I wonder why they didn't plead for more privileges or improvements. Future campers here may look back on 1973 and wonder why I didn't add any complaints. It's not that I haven't any- for example, why aren't we allowed to sleep late occasionally; or why must the gongs remain inaud ble at the Girl's Terrace? Or why can't we have our own swimming pool? -- but they are so trivial as to not be worth making a fuss over.

At the end of the summer, the Gitchy-Goomers heave a sigh of relief at finally returning home. Buck's Rockers are on the whole sorry to leave. Yes, I think we have it pretty good.

Amy Rabinowitz

bated to do a second and a s



The state of the s

	11			
Pamela Abrams Anne Ackerman Stephanie Ackiron Emily Agree Amy Aigen Julie Alland Renni Altman	19 North End 719 Blauvalt Dr. 134 Broadview Ave. 2728A Henry Hudson Pky. 22 The Oaks 213 River Rd. 2985 Cheryl Rd.	London, N.W. 3, Eng. Oradell, N.J. 07649 New Rochelle, N.Y. Bronx, N.Y. 10463 Roslyn, N.Y. 11576 Grand View, N.Y. 10960 Merrick, N.Y. 11566	435-6242 265-9411 NE2-3305 KI6-3282 484-0999 359-3806 868-5326	12/23 2/20 9/3 11/11 10/27 5/11 11/10
Anastasia Bag Erica Bag Leslie Barr Deborah Bauman Laura Baumwall Miriam Bensman Judie Benzer Sandra Bergad Elizabeth Berger Nina Berman Winifred Berman Jodi Bernstein Tammy Berson Deborah Binder Sarah Block Michelle Blumenfeld Amy Boches Barbara Boutsikaris Susan Brustien Alison Brysk Amy Buchanan Carol Bucholtz Amy Bursten	57 Deerhill Ave. 57 Deerhill Ave. 61 Sugar Maple Dr. 21 Shadow Lane 6 Linden Pl. 6 Wilwade Rd. 1010 King St. 6514 Darlington Rd. 237 E. 20 St. 131 Downey Dr. 10 Briar Lane 5606 Marlborough Rd. 1969 Lowell Lane 686 Jefferson St. 109 Pecksland Rd. 79 Dartmouth St. 22 Hemlock Rd. 8523 S.W. 137 Ave. 10 Wensley Drive 32 Winsor Dr. 3300 Highland Pl. N.W. 104 Plainview Rd. 8 Spector Lane	Danbury, Conn. 06810 Danbury, Conn. 06810 Roslyn, N.Y. 11576 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 Middletown, N.Y. 10940 Great Neck, N.Y. 11020 Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514 Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217 N.Y., N.Y. 10003 Tenafly, N.J. 07670 Great Neck, N.Y. 11024 Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217 Merrick, N.Y W. Hempstead, N.Y. Greenwich, Conn. Valley Stream, N.Y. Andover, Mass. 01810 Miami, Fla. 33143 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 Barrington, R.I. 02806 Washington, D.C. 20008 Woodbury, N.Y. 11797 Woodbridge, Conn. 06525	744-6397 744-6397 744-6397 741-5117 482-8087 343-6281 487-8811 769-4497 421-9854 0R3-7885 569-0453 482-7287 421-7153 868-6428 IV3-2903 869-3714 791-8213 475-4529 274-4205 487-2506 246-1034 537-0877 692-5570 389-0839	8/12 7/9 10/31 11/21 5/31 7/18 3/11 6/10 8/3 5/5 11/25 9/29 11/10 4/9 6/19 1/12 3/18 10/27 9/4 3/8 7/18 12/6 3/13
Susan Cane	73 Surrey Lane	Tenafly, N.J.	567-6998	3/2
Diane Civic	100 Riverside Dr.	N.Y., N.Y. 10024	SU7-9139	7/15
Nancy Clark	1710 Ave. I	Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230	258-8273	11/19
Ruth Derman	72 Winchester Dr.	Manhasset, N.Y. 11030	627-5926	7/7
Diane Desenberg	1321 N. Lake Shore Dr.	Sarasota, Fla. 33579	921-5753	12/8
Naomi Driesen	3 Leland Ct.	Chevy Chase, Md. 20015	654-4535	4/25
Ilene Ebner	40 Ann Dr.	Syosset, N.Y. 11791	921-4752	6/ 3 0
Brandy Eiger	20 Lebanon Rd.	Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583	723-4887	8/ 3 0
Jessica Fadem	65 Locust Lane 49 Shore Dr. 25 Ranger Pl. 27 Peacock Dr. 21 Linford Rd. Enoch Dr.	Roslyn Hts, N.Y. 11577	MA1-5691	8/4
Diana Feldman		Kings Point, N.Y.	HU2-2115	1/18
Pamela Ferman		New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804	235-0406	12/3
Kim Feuer		Roslyn, N.Y. 11576	626-1692	1/12
Ann Fiddler		Great Neck, N.Y.	482-8918	6/8
Laurie Fierman		Woodbridge, Conn. 06525	393-0048	8/12

*				
				77/0
Karen Fine	54 Soundview Dr.	Port Washington, N.Y.	P07-6798	11/8 _
Sharon Finkelstein	l Tory Lane	Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583	SC3-7047	6/20
Rhoda Firestone	1332 Hudson Rd.	Teaneck, N.J.	836-9094	8/30
Madeline Fishel	46 Juneau Blvd.	Woodbury, N.Y. 11797	MY2-8649	8/26
Miriam Fishman	70 Capri Dr.	Roslyn, N.Y.	742-4184	9/10
Jill Fishon	51 Muchmore Rd.	Harrison, N.Y. 10528	W07-1340	12/7
Caren Fogel	51 Melanie Lane	Syosset, N.Y. 11791	921-1449	6/19
Benay Forrest	147-03 Jewel Ave.	Kew Garden Hills, N.Y.	544-5226	8/1 -
Elizabeth Frucht	We_dgewood Lane	Huntington, N.Y. 11743	423-7754	1/19
ETTERDECH LIGGHO	we age word sails	intering contract the management	7007 1104	
Sara Beth Gallon	12 Ridge Dr. East	Great Neck, N.Y. 11021	487-5986	10/27
Lorraine Gardner	17 Essex Rd.	Great Neck, N.Y. 11023	466-2595	1/29
**************************************	67 Riverside Dr.	N.Y., N.Y.	787-6507	8/15 -
Elizabeth Gazzara			R06-4185	8/15
Beth Geminder	512 Derby Dr. N.	Oceanside, N.Y 11572	The state of the s	
Suzanne Gilchrest	501 E. 79th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10021	861-6223	11/6
Lisa Gilden	67 Duck Pond Rd.	Glen Cove, L.I., N.Y.	671-0740	1/2
Alice Goldstein	141-57 71st Ave.	Flushing, N.Y. 11367	LI4-0742	9/25
Tamah Goodman	5 Hutchinson Ct.	Great Neck, N.Y. 11023	482-5237	12/30 -
Melissa Gould	50 Park Circle	Great Neck, N.Y 11024	487-8361	1/11
Robin Graham	5 Cypress Ave.	Great Neck, N.Y 11024	Hu2-8151	5/18
Mia Grayck	Hilldale Lane	Sands Point, N.Y. 11050	883-4162	1/3
Jane Greenberg	501 E. 87th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10028	535-2884	4/30
Mindy Greenberg	327 Continental Dr.	Manhasset Hills N. Y. 11040	MA7-6170	2/22
				_
Martha Heller	Sterling Rd.	Harrison, N.Y. 10528	967-1537	4/8 -
Marci Herzlinger	53 Christy Lane	Springfield, N.J.	376-6560	2/15
Emily Honig	51 Cedar Dr.	Great Neck, N.Y.	482-2275	9/11
				_
Joanna Jacob	271 Central Park W.	N.Y., N.Y.	TR3-1583	7/14
	OO Tourney Area	Court Note N V 11003	נוווח זפהפ	10/3
Deborah Karpel	33 Jayson Ave.	Great Neck, N.Y. 11021	HU7-1808	
Ellen Karger	10. Chatham Pl.	White Plains, N.Y.	948-6367	7/28
Romi Kasten	709 Carlyle St.	Woodmere, N.Y.	295-0034	7/17 -
Mindy Katz	1016 South End	Woodmere, N.Y.	791-1139	5/27
Jody Kaylor	515 Avon Ct.	River Vale, N.J. 07675	391-6505	9/9 -
Katie Kennedy	172 E. 4th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10009	228-1802	10/24
Judith Kestenman	Sergeant St.	Stockbridge, Mass. 01262	298-3589	5/12
Marci Kiell	168 Huntley Dr.	Hartsdale, N.Y 10530	OW3-2037	4/26 _
Sherice Klopman	Woodland Rd.	Lutherville, Md. 21093	825-0069	12/29
Alissa Koerner	10 Stratford Rd.	New Rochelle, N.Y.	235-7593	3/24
Jayme Koszyn	211 Alta Vista Dr.	Yonkers, N.Y.	337-3170	3/25
Margret Krasilovsky	1177 Hardscrabble Rd.	Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514	CE8-8220	4/25
· ·		•	/a	
Nina Laden	109 W. Clarkstown Rd.	New City, N.Y. 10956	634-2175	1/12
Jennifer Lavin	40 Walworth Ave.	Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583	725-4151	3/25 _
Nina Lavin	40 Walworth Ave.	Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583	725-4151	4/10
Sugan Lehrer	677 Hillside Ave.	No. White Plains, N.Y.	761-4918	7/30
Connie Lennig	10413 Green Mt. Circle	Columbia, Md. 21044	997-0888	5/8
Lynne Lerner	131 Hillturn Lane	Roslyn Hts., N.Y. 11577	MAI-7443	6/26 -
Sara Lestch	140 Cadman Plaza W.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	834-1098	10/21
Debra Levere	6 Wood Lane	Suffern, N.Y. 10901	354-2772	12/24
Beth Levine	5 Avon Rd.	Springfield, N.J. 07081	376-8349	4/7 -
Rachel Lieberman	296 Forest Ave.	Swampscott, Mass.	599-0639	7/16
		Great Neck, N.Y. 11024	487-9508	4/17
Lisa Littman	12 Gay Drive	CTOOL HOARD HETE TTAM	401 1700	

Patrica Maharan Judy Malkin Debra Mand Elissa Marder Nancy Marder Anne Markowitz Andrea Massar Donna Meltzer Lauren Meyers Andrea Mezvinsky Sharon Mogelberg Diana Morgan Elizabeth Moskowitz	Sycamore Dr. 386 Cochran Pl. 934 Park Lane 55 Whitetail Rd. 40 Evergreen Pl. 285 Central Park W. 32 Brodwood Dr. 415 Beverly Rd. 881 Orienta Ave. 221 West 82nd St. 77 Walnut Ct. 1311 35th St., N.W. 3306 Highland Pl., N.W.	Valley Stream, N.Y. No. Woodmere, N.Y.	LY1-8832	9/9 2/11 2/15 4/17 10/11 4/22 12/15 3/14 7/22 7/12 6/1 5/3 3/16
Andrea McMahan Elizabeth McMahan	54 Parker St. 54 Parker St.	Carlisle, Pa. 17013 Carlisle, Pa. 17013	249-6063 249-6063	7/26 3/16
Nancy Nadel Tammy Neuhaus Jo-Ellen Newman Amy Nierenberg Ellen Nierenberg Lori Nissan Leslie Nobler Jocelyn Noveck	982 East End 2621Falisade Ave. 77 Baldwin Farms S. 376 Maitland Ave. 376 Maitland Ave. 6 Country Club Rd. 9 Gloria Dr. 1040 Park Ave.	Woodmere, N.Y. Bronx, N.Y. 10463 Greenwich, Conn. Teaneck, N.J. 07666 Teaneck, N.J. 07666 Eastchester, N.Y. Woodbury, N.Y. 11797 N.Y., N.Y. 10028	295-0286 549-6416 661-5393 837-6321 837-6321 DE7-6919 921-7515 876-1367	7/29 6/11 11/19 6/11 6/4 10/18 12/11 7/31
Nina Odrich Carolyn Oliner Lynn Opengart	181-34 Aberdeen Rd. 670 West End Ave. 46 Stonewall Circle	Jamaica, N. Y. 11432 N. Y., N. Y. 10025 White Plains, N. Y. 10607	380-5615 SU7-3122 761-0288	12/8 4/21 8/12
Caroline Packard Janet Pearlman Susan Peck Emily Percelay Jody Piltz Ellyn Plato Diana Polack Eve Povzea Amy Prussack	West Old Mill Rd. 16 Linford Rd. Old Roaring Brook Rd. 33 Cambria Ct. 73 Reed Dr. 110 W. 96th St. 2155 Paulding Ave. 378 Cochran Place 56 W. 88th St.	Greenwich, Conn. 06830 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Pawtucket, R.I. 02860 Roslyn, N.Y. 11576 N.Y., N.Y. 10025 Bronx, N.Y. Valley Stream, N.Y. N.Y., N.Y. 10024	661-8946 466-9357 666-7073 723-0654 294-0678 865-2963 T12-8508 791-7434 874-5909	4/21
Staton Rabin Amy Rabinowitz Robin-Ann Rabinowitz Nancy Raider Jeanne Rand Karen Ratner Jane Recant Deidre Reckseit Linda Reiss Ellen Relkin Anne Ridker	75 Edgars Lane 340 W. 86th St. 58 Soundview Dr. 2225 Parkhurst Rd. 1144 Windsor Rd. 107 Harrison St. 9 Brokaw Lane 165 Phillips Lane 9 Wood Lane 117 W. 197th St. 9121 Burdette Rd.	Hastings-on-Hudson, N. N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Pt. Washington, N.Y. Elmont, N.Y. 11003 Teaneck, N.J.07666 Lawrence, N.Y. Great Neck, N.Y.11023 Hewlett Nk., N.Y.11598 Suffern, N.Y. 10901 Bronx, N.Y. 10468 Bethesda, Md. 20034	767-7289 775-4056 692-1105 239-9225 466-0728	6/16 3/25 8/8 10/17 3/16 9/4 4/25 8/27

	Bonni Rodin Nan Rosengarten	1409 Holiday Park Dr. 490 W. End Ave.	The man and an arrangement of the second	LY5-1238	6/12 9/8
	Donna Lynn Ruskin	67 Rugby Rd.	New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804	636-0984	5/27
	Nora Sabo	PO Box 32	Greens Farms, Conn. 06436	255-1914 FR4-1660	5/12 11/20
	Amy Sack	1025 Crestwood Rd.	Woodmere, N.Y. 11598		10/11
	Nina Sadowsky	13-15 160th St.	Beechhurst, N.Y. 11357	767-6160	8/11
	Laura Salmon	706 William St.	Baldwin, N.Y. 11510	546-1585	
	Terry Samdperil	265 Freeman Pkwy.	Providence, R.I. 02906	274-9621	11/11
	Beth Scharfman	89 Bayview Ave.	Great Neck, N.Y.	466-8169	11/25
	Nancy Schauber	15 Pine Ridge Rd.	Port Chester, N.Y. 10573	939-9301	3/25
	Corinne Scheman	3322 Newark St., N.W.	Wash. D.C. 20008	244-3445	4/16
	Karen Seidler	69-10 108 St.	Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375	544-1330	4/28
	Emily Selwyn	209-25 18th Ave.	Bayside, N.Y. 11360	428-1595	8/29
	Elizabeth Settel	125 Brookside Dr.	Greenwich, Conn.	661-4474	4/20
	Dori Sharon	14 Oak Dr.	Great Neck, N.Y. 11021	HU2-0225	8/24
	Amy Sheidlower	43 Burton Ave.	Woodmere, N.Y. 11598-	295-3796	11/25
	Lauren Shiloff	26 Suzanne Lane	Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570	769-5059	4/29
	Bonnie Shulman	50 White Oak St.	New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801	636-1709	4/2
	Laura Sklar	Pettit Lane	Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576	764-4278	2/21
	Lori Sokolov	4 Cypress Drive	Woodbury, N.Y. 11797	692-5874	6/20
	Thea Sommer	355 8th Ave.	N.Y., N.Y. 10001	675-5469	4/3
	Maya Sonenberg	217 E. 23rd St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10010	MU3-6719	2/24
	Jami Star	25 Willow Lane	Great Neck, N.Y. 11023	HU7-3522	1/26
	Nina Stein	199 Bon Air Ave.	New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804	235-3749	4/8
	Miriam Stern	3102 Avenue M	Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210	252-4149	5/15
	Laura Sussman	1980 Lowell Lane	Merrick, N.Y. 11566	868-5398	9/21
	Ilene Tannenbaum	20 Ash Drive	Roslyn, N.Y. 11576	621-8527	2/24
	Eva Teirstein	1 Oxford Rd.	New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804	632-8393	4/9
	Cynthia Tendler	341 W. 24th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10011	CH2-2497	10/5
	Nina Tisch	859 Hartsdale Rd.	White Plains, N.Y. 10607	761-8692	4/5
	Stephanie Toise	5 Elmwood Ct.	Plainview, N.Y. 11803	822-2603	9/5
	Amanda Trager	940 Park Ave.	N.Y., N.Y. 10028	YU8-3840	3/25
	Laurie Trupin	573 Warwick Ave.	Teaneck, N.J. 07666	837-4092	7/8
	Carol Tummolo	12 Greenridge Way	Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977	EL6-8493	1/6
	Allison Turkel	720 Ft. Washington Ave.	N.Y., N.Y. 10040	108-4332	6/1
	Emilie Turndorf	1 Canoe Lane	Roseland, N.J. 07068	228-2789	7/10
	Trian Wannan	Box 572	Woodstock, N.Y. 12498	OR9-6672	3/12
	Erica Wapner	5 Windsor Rd.	Great Neck, N.Y. 11021	HU7-6340	4/27
	Gail Wechsler	100 Hill Drive	Oyster Bay, N.Y.	922-5840	6/15
	Sharon Weinberg	100 Hill Drive	Oyster Bay, N.Y.	922-5840	10/24
	Tamara Weinberg	7 Fox Meadow Ct.	Woodbury, N.Y. 11797	692-4594	8/7
	Eve Weingarten	45 Laurel Dr.	Springfield, N.J. 07081	379-4641	2/15
	Jeri Weiss	1 Inez Lane	Commack, N.Y. 11725	864-4004	3/22
•	Phyllis Weitzman	42 Spring Valley Rd.	Woodbridge, Conn. 06525	393-0886	1/3
	Dawn Winkler	287 Fountain Rd.	Englewood, N.J. 07631	568-3288	2/6
	Karen Winograd Debbie Wolfman	973 Benton St.	Woodmere, N.Y. 11598	569-5490	1/26
	DEDUTE MOTITION	713 2000000			20/01
	Beth Zamichow	21 Green Dr.	Roslyn, N.Y. 11576	PI1-4705	12/24
	Barbara Zegarek	228 Lafayette St.	Williston Pk, N.Y. 11596	PI7-7810	8/10

Judi Zimmerman Susan Zimny Jeznifer-Zogott Ann Zweibel

15 Cloverfield Rd. So. 150-60 Booth Meml. Ave. Flushing, N.Y. 11355 136 Hicks St. 769 Arbuckle Ave.

Valley Stream, N.Y. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 Woodmere, N.Y. 11598

PY1-6706 FL3-3510 625-0896 295-4054

8/10 8/30 11/18 4/8

Lisa Alcott Pamela Arnold Deborah Ballin Jo Ann Berman Cathy Berse Pamela Brezak Amy Cohen Elisa DeCarlo Elizabeth Dolly Cindy Friedman Lisa Gamzu Amy Goldin Martha Goldman Sue Gross Alexa Hunter Peggy Jackson Carla Jacobson Sue-Ann Kleinberg Jenny Levine Lisa Lubell Lauren Manduke Nancy Mernit Amy Moll Diana Moses Janet Oppenheimer8 Debbie Plofker Claudia Renfro Amy Richards Debbie Roberts Lori Sanger Ann Scheman Amy Schwartz Leslie Schwartz Debra Seliger Naomi Slobodkin Emily Wassyng Janet Weintraub Mona Sue Wisoff

144-19 71st Ave. 14 Fenwood Rd. Stone Hill Dr. 131 Downey Dr. 143 Henfield Ave. 9 Dora Lane 949 Allen Lane 935 Kimball Ave. 1270 5th Ave. ll Garfield Ave. 465 York Ct. 440 West End Ave. 1663 East 31 St. 30 Deer Path 451 West End Ave. 70 Fulton Ave. 55 Fox Ridge Rd. 1160 Midland Ave. 18 Kent Ave. 401 Fort Hill Rd. 8 Hutchinson Ct. 17 Meadow Woods Rd. 39 Park Ave. East 53 White Beeches Dr. 1180 Midland Ave. 33 Cedar Drive 151 W. 86th St. 9 Kettell Ave. 115 Poplar Dr. 5 Briarwood Lane 3322 Newark St. 25 Mohegan Rd. 29 Suydam Dr. 1989 Lowell Lane 163 Old Field Rd. 74 Nassau Dr. 75-80 182 St. 56 Meadow Farm Rd.

Flushing, N.Y. 11367 Huntington Station, N.Y. Stamford, Conn Tenafly, N.J. 07670 Cherry Hill, N.J. 08003 New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804 Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 N.Y., N.Y. 10029 Clifton, N.J. 07012 Rockville Ctr., N.Y. N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Brooklyn, N.Y. Roslyn Heights, N.Y.11577 N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Rye, N.Y. Stamford, Conn. 06903 Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. Scarsdale, N.Y. Great Neck, N.Y. Great Neck, N.Y. 11020 Merrick, N.Y. 11566 Dumont, N.J. 07628 Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 N. Y., N. Y. 10024 Yonkers, N.Y. 10704 Roslyn, N.Y. 11576 Woodstock, N.Y. 12498 Wash., D.C. 20008 Larchmont, N.Y. Huntington Sta., N.Y. Merrick, N.Y. Setauket, N.Y. 11733 Great Neck, N.Y. Flushing, N.Y. 11366 Manhasset Hills, N.Y.

B08-6284 7/27 692-5219 9/21 8/14 322-8259 HU9-5155 5/10 6/19 424-4179 632-1140 374-6362 7/13 337-6292 11/1 11/21 4/21 876-2409 777-9612 3/25 536-4829 874-2626 7/22 336-6683 6/3 MA1-8783 8/13 787-5413 7/3 967-8294 12/20 322-0939 3/7 961-7867 7/13 478-1461 4/10 725-1821 8/8 466-0366 3/13 7/24 466-0234 MA3-9451 10/2 385-5385 1/2 DE7-0125 5/11 3/24 482-2809 787-8943 12/27 3/9 965-2814 MA1-0099 6/18 679-9000 2/16 244-3445 2/14 834-9514 2/4 AR1-2891 7/24 865-0146 2/25 751-5972 11/1 HU2-8720 5/10 969-9581 4/13 GE7-6919 11/1



Mark Abrahams Gordon Abrams Steven Abrams Evan Alboum David Alland Thomas Andrews Steven Auerbach Michael Azerrad	91 Salem Rd. 4 Hidden Valley Dr. 116 Nassau Rd. 46-27 Iris Lane 213 River Rd. 463 West St. 318 E. 30th St. 140 N. Broadway	Longmeadow, Mass. 01106 Suffern, N.Y. 10901 Huntington, N.Y. Great Neck, N.Y. Grand View, N.Y. 10960 N.Y., N.Y. 10014 N.Y., N.Y. 10016 Irvington, N.Y. 10533	567-0863 354-7063 HA7-8778 487-2721 691-1479 MU9-9289 591-6099	7/27 9/20 9/19 8/24 5/17 8/12 2/25 5/8
Mark Baven Douglas Bejarano Daniel Benton Michael Benzer Nicholas Bergadano Scott Berlin Matthew Bernstein Shem Bitterman Peter Brandon John Braverman William Brown David Buckley Brian Byrd	1160 Ocean Ave. 850 Park Ave. 22 Donnelly Dr. Bayberry Dr. 125 W. 16 St. 2347 Brigham St. 13 Jordan Dr. 219 E. 60th St. 99-41 64th Ave. 144 Bret Harte Rd. 8 Donald Dr. 140 E. 83rd St. 55 Chaucer St.	Brocklyn, N.Y. 11230 N.Y., N.Y. 10021 Ridgefield, Conn. 06877 Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570 N.Y., N.Y. 10011 Brocklyn, N.Y. 11229 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 N.Y., N.Y. 10022 Rego Park, N.Y. 11374 Berkeley, Calif. 94708 Syosset, N.Y. N.Y., N.Y. 10028 Hartsdale, N.Y. 10530	859-5883 734-5256 438-4650 R09-2521 CH2-4297 NI8-6509 HU7-2806 980-3689 TW7-7622 548-5247 WA1-4546 744-0658 948-3076	8/4 7/15 12/29 12/17 8/22 5/27 6/11 4/15 11/26 3/7 8/28 1/5 6/11
Carey Camazine Barney Charlon Benjamin Cohen Mitchell Cohn Lewis Copulsky Mark Creatura	26 S. Dutcher St. 5615 Netherland Ave. 333 E. 30 St. 262 Willard Dr. 23-35 Bell Blvd. 68 Clinton Ave.	Irvington, N.Y. 10583 Riverdale, N.Y. 10471 N.Y., N.Y. 10016 Hewlett, N.Y. 11557 Bayside, N.Y. 11360 Westport, Conn. 06880	LY1÷7977 546-3791 725-1231 FR4-6390 HA8-4465 227-0127	10/6 1/5 9/26 10/29 5/22 5/6
Mark Davis Anthony DeRosa Brad Deudne Anthony Dillof Henry Dreifus David Dreyfus David Driesen Dean Dunbar	14-Ol Morlat Ave. 130 Jackson Cr. 108 Plainview Rd. 400 Grace Church St. 1415 Hagysford Rd. 40 Walter Lane 3 Leland Ct. 711 Amsterdam Ave.	Fairlawn, N.J. 07410 Centerport, N.Y. 11721 Woodbury, N.Y. 11797 Rye, N.Y. Narberth, Pa. 19072 Stamford, Conn. 06902 Chevy Chase, Md. 20015 N.Y., N.Y. 10025	797-7855 271-0863 695-6353 W07-6324 835-2544 322-4986 654-4535 865-5558	1/18 9/26 6/13 1/19 9/23 2/10 5/7 8/10
Michael Feldman Richard Feldman Bennett Fuchs Robert Gamiel Glenn Gers Bob Glanz Robert Goldberg Michael Goldblum Peter Goldman Michael Goldstein	35 Robin Hill Rd. 35 Robin Hill Rd. 32 East View Terrace 685 West End Ave. 165 West End Ave. 4005 Greentree Dr. 103 East 86th St. 47 Big Oak Lane 751 Redmond St. 1222 Kensington Rd.	Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 Demarest, N.J. 07627 N.Y., N.Y. N.Y., N.Y., 10023 Oceanside, N.Y. 11572 N.Y., N.Y. 10028 Stamford, Conn. 06903 Teaneck, N.J. 07666 Teaneck, N.J. 07666	SC3-3129 SC3-3129 767-3044 UN5-0159 TR3-7919 766-2724 876-8826 322-8873 833-1581 833-8062	12/11 10/25 9/30 5/8 4/25 12/5 2/9 7/3 11/19 2/25

35	21 A			
Anthony Gonehar Ethan Greenberg David Grossman Gary Gruber	84-10 Main St. 463 West St. 45 Oak Ave 112 Guilford Ave.	Jamaica, N.Y. 11435 N.Y., N.Y. 10014 Tenafly, N.J. Oakdale, N.Y. 11769	V17-1312 691-0659 871-0824 589-5362	9/11 10/9 6/24 1/14
Andrew Haas Joel Halpern Cary Hammer David Heckler Philip Heimann Steven Hess Steven Housberg Jeffrey Howard Daniel Hyman	51 Flower Lane 2442 W.Lake Isles Blvd. 381 W. End Ave. 55 Chauger St. 145 Edgemont Rd. 58 Greentree Dr. 11 The Hemlocks 42 Snapdragon Lane 736 Truman Ave.	Jericho, L.I., N.Y. 11753 Minneapolis, Minn. 55405 N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Hartsdale, N.Y. 10530 Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 Roslyn Estates, N.Y. Roslyn Heights, N.Y. East Meadow, N.Y. 11554	GE3-1268 377-2929 595-4599 948-3076 723-0775 725-1523 621-8548 621-5066 489-0802	5/8 10/5 3/9 7/29 6/8 12/26 1/31 10/30 7/30
Adam Jackson Justin Jackson Howard Jaffe Tobias Jaffe Paul Joffe	445 E. 65th St. 445 E. 65th St. 204 E. NorthCield Rd. 1148 Fifth Ave. 300 Central Park West	N.Y., N.Y. 10021 N.Y., N.Y. 10021 Livingston, N.J. 07039 N.Y., N.Y. 10028 N.Y., N.Y. 10024	UN1-5632 UN1-5632 994-1816 HA7-2689 595-2079	12/22 9/20 4/11 3/11 11/5
Andrew Kaplan Dan Kaplan Joe Katz Joshua Katz Scot Kaylor Robert Kleiman Andrew Klopman Derek Kolleeny	60 Threepence Dr. 64 Edgecliff Terrace 34 Woodcut Lane 205 Main St. 515 Avon Ct. 164 Guyon Ave. Woodland Rd. Whitetail Rd.	Dix Hills, N.Y. 11746 Yenkers, N.Y. 10705 New Rochell, N.Y. Cornwall, N.Y. 12518 River Vale, N.J. 07675 Staten Is., N.Y. 10306 Lutherville, Md. 21093 Irvington, N.Y. 10533	643-6122 Y05-4415 NE6-5073 534-2565 391-6505 351-7232 825-0069 591-8157	3/3 3/15 1/21 8/23 6/25 6/29 9/27 6/26
Steven Landau Eli Langner Jonathan Lauter Neil Lavey Robert Leffler Seth Lemher Evan Lenhardt David Lida Mark Linn Andrew Lipman Steven Ludwig	1672 Hanover St. 271 Central Park West 120 Hillpark Ave. 60 Beechdale Rd. 14 Broadmoor Rd. 625 Lakeview Ave. 4332 Hanhattan Ave. 505 La Guardia Pl. 434 W. Ellet St. 30 E. 9th St.	Teaneck, N.J. 07666 N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522 Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 Rockville Cntr., L.I. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224 N.Y., N.Y. 10012 Philadelphia, Pa. 19119 N.Y., N.Y. 10003 Roslyn Hts. N.Y. 11577	692-0207 TR3-7720 HU7-6103 OW3-2669 725-3039 R04-9856 373-4128 674-4499 GE8-4288 982-5572 263-3701	6/25 4/28 12/31 9/3 11/30 8/9 10/30 12/17 9/13 4/27 3/21
Eric Mandelbaum William Mayer Daniel Mitnik James Modlin	3 Windsor Terr. 313 E. 78th St. 21 Kensington Rd. 114 E. 90th St.	Monsey, N.Y. 10952 N.Y., N.Y. 10021 Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 N.Y., N.Y.	352-4602 861-2514 GR2-4942 289-2539	12/28 1/10 4/20 11/6
David McGowan Jeffrey McGowan	7145 Waterman Ave. 36 Beach Rd.	Univ. City, Mo. 63130 Great Neck, N.Y. 11023	727-3 2 90 466-3997	1/12 2/28
Seth Neubardt Dennis Noskin	166 Barnard Rd. 900 Fear Road	New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801 Dix Hills, N.Y. 11746	423-2132	8/10

Steven Odrich Joel Olicker	181-34 Aberdeen Rd. 150-25 28th Ave.	Jamaica, N.Y. 11432 Flushing, N.Y. 11354	380-5615 353-6625	12/18 7/17
Michael Peckar Marc Pfeiffer John Pollets Steven Purnick	111 Cascade Rd. 86 Brookdale Dr. 20 Coolidge Ct. 3-29 32nd St.	Stamford, Conn. 06903 Crestwood, N.Y. 10710 Middletown, N.Y. 10940 Fairlawn, N.J. 07410	322-5641 337-2125 343-5276 797-2856	2/4 6/17 1/19 11/3
Pater Rabinowitz Lawrence Rand John Ravitz Robert Reichel Jonathan Reiss Christopher Rich Jonathan Robbins Daniel Rosenstein Alan Rothenberg Thomas Rothschild Daryl Rowland Russell Rowland	340 W. 86th St. 1144 Windsor Rd. 36 Garden Place 144-45 Charter Rd. 1006 Bay 31st St. 104-20 Queens Blvd. 23-01 Radburn Rd. 3321 R St., N.W. 400 2nd Ave. 11 Woodlands Rd. 561 W. 246 St. 561 W. 246 St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Teaneck, N.Y. 07666 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 Jamaica, N.Y. 11435 Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691 Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375 Fairlawn, N.J. 07410 Washington, D.C. 20007 N.Y., N.Y. 10010 Harrison, N.Y. 10528 Riverdale, N.Y. 10471 Riverdale, N.Y. 10471	SU7-1150 692-1105 852-4127 969-3728 327-2029 793-5625 796-0220 338-2457 532-0295 967-4779 543-4490 796-2626	9/25 10/29 7/26 8/27 7/16 12/21 2/5 11/15 5/11 6/15 2/9 10/2
Randall Schein Todd Schlossberg Stewart Seidler David Seidman Peter Seissler Anthony Settel Marc Shargel Robert Shwalb Jeffrey P. Siegel David Silver Scott Sladoff Péter Slomanson Charles Smith Steven Soblesohn Mark Speigel Jeffrey Stein Michael Stein Russel Steinberg Matthew Stern Joshua Straus Neil Strickberger	127 Rockingchair Rd. 133 E. Linden Ave. 69-10 108th St. 6 Grosvenor Place 29 Linda Lane 125 Brockside Dr. 2678 Rochester Rd. 30 N. Star Dr. 61 Oxbow Lane 10 Bellevue Ave. 17 Sands Pt. Rd. 137 W. 78 St. 1039 E. 27 St. 124 Audley St. 40 Carol Lane 4 Campbell Rd. 154 Elaine Dr. 22 Fieldstone Dr. 3102 Ave. M 6255 29th St., N.W. 7110 Kingsbury Blvd.	White Plains, N.Y. 10607 Englewood, N.J. 07631 For est Hills, N.Y. 11375 Great Neck, N.Y. 11021 Yonkers, N.Y. 10710 Greenwich, Conn. 06830 Shaker Heights, Ohio Morristown, N.J. 07960 Woodbridge, Conn. Rumson, N.J. 07760 Monsey, N.Y. 10952 N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210 Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11418 Matawan, N.J. 07747 Kendall Pk, N.J. 08824 Oceanside, N.Y. 11572 Livingston, N.J. 07039 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210 Wash. D.G. 20015 Univ. City, Mo. 63130	567-0890	12/19 5/8 5/23 8/25 11/20 9/18 10/20 6/27 8/22 5/11 6/1 12/6 4/2 5/27 7/9 1/21 5/17 8/11 2/27 5/29 6/22
Matthew Tenney	320 E. 72nd St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10021	RE7-8266	9/6
Jan Uretsky	765 Amsterdam Ave.	N.Y., N.Y. 10025	866-7581	1/20
Clifford Wachtel Richard Walker Milo Weber Michael Weisinger Michael Winkler	37 Stratton Rd. 405 W. 245 St. 1749 Lilbet Rd. 3429 Courtney Pl. 42 Spring Valley Rd.	Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 Riverdale, N.Y. 10471 Teaneck, N.J. 07666 Baldwin Harbor, N.Y. Woodbridge, Conn.	725-3230 KI9-7403 836-6624 MA3-2870 393-0886	4/1 9/28 2/14 11/1 12/16

Robert Wise Richard Wortman

Marc Zilversmit Roger Zlotoff Robert Zonis 211 Highland Rd. 1201 Caffrey Ave.8

285 Western Way 175 B. 149 St. 4 Consul Rd. Scarsdale, N.Y. 472-5144 2/29 Far Rockaway, N.Y.11691 FA7-6743 12/23

Princeton, N.J. 08540 924-7352 5/15 Neponsit, N.Y. 11694 945-0232 12/19 Livingston, N.J. 07039 994-1595 11/29



Keith Abrams Michael Bickerman Howard Botwinick Andrew Bursten Brian Camazine Arthur Chanley Tom Chirgwin Jonathan Cohen Douglas Cohn Michael Dutka Dan Fierman Robert Gerber John Ivler Pete Kaplan Marc Lida Michael Markovitz Matthew Martin Craig Maurer Andy Neubardt Stephen Nosoff Alan Novick Andrew Oliner Jesse Rabinowitz Andrew Ratshin Jesse Reiser Geoffrey Rogers Charles Schatz Mitch Schear Paul Stein Matthew Tendler Cristopher Wangro Jonathan Weinberg Stuart Weiss Jonathan Willner Peter Wise

1050 Park Ave. 147 Broome Ave. 131 Shoreward Dr. 8 Spector Rd. 29 Abbey Close 20 Stockton Rd. 740 West End Ave. 949 Allen Lane 262 Willard Dr. 39 Wilcox Ave. Enoch Dr. 252 N. Idaho Ave. 3 Nash Court 64 Edgecliff Terrace 505 La Guardia Pl. 220 Surrey Rd. 121 Franklin Ave. 39 Middle Lane 166 Barnard Rd. 106 Pinehurst Ave. 1218 Birch St. 670 West End Ave. 2515 Yates Ave. 263 Harwood Ave. 28 S. Washington Ave. 140 Columbia St. (#138) 306 West End Rd. 8 Oakstwain Rd. 2 Cuyler Rd. 341 W. 24 St. 8 Gramercy Park 56 W. 82nd St. 75-59 196 St. 42 Beacon Hill Rd. 211 Highland Rd.

N.Y., N.Y: 10028 289-1193 10/10 Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 371-1579 5/5 Great Neck, N.Y. 487-1549 2/3 Woodbridge, Conn.06525 389-0839 7/7 Scarsdale, N.Y. 725-2480 10/18 Kendall Park, N.J.08824 297-1471 10/30 N.Y., N.Y. 10024 663-4834 5/26 Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 374-6362 6/4 Hewlett, N.Y. 11557 FR4-6390 3/6 Yonkers, N.Y. 10705 MU9-9400 1/7 Woodbridge, Conn. 06525 393-0048 9/16 N. Massapaqua, N.Y.. CH9-4093 3/28 Stamford, Conn. 06906 348-7806 5/20 Yonkers, N.Y. 10705 Y05-4415 10/2 N.Y., N.Y. 10012 674-4499 5/11 Hillside, N.J. 07205 355-3883 7/5 Oakhurst, N.J. 07755 531-4757 6/4 Jericho, N.Y. WE5-8882 8/25 New Rochelle, N.Y. TE4-2114 4/19 N.Y., N.Y. 10033 927-8710 11/29 Uniondale, N.Y. 11553 IV3-6642 9/6 N.Y., N.Y. SU7-3122 11/26 Bronx, N.Y. 10469 TU2-4258 11/3 No. Tarrytown, N.Y.10591631-5191 5/17 Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522 0W3-0336 4/12 N.Y., N.Y. 10002 673-8191 6/28 So. Orange, N.J. 07019 762-5654 2/6 Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 472-4884 9/29 Kendall Park, N.J. 297-2013 12/24 N.Y., N.Y. 10011 924-2574 5/8 N.Y., N.Y. 10003 777-7743 1/17 N.Y., N.Y. 873-5836 9/10 Flushing, N.Y. 11366 776-7647 Pt. Washington, N.Y. 883-1689 3/20 Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583 472-5144

Sarah Abrams Karen-edis Barzman John Bickerman Richard Carlin Eric Greenblatt Jim Kafka Diane Hammer Laurie Kirschenfeld Mark Linder Shira Modell Eric Morrel Michael L. Raff Shelley Povzea Richard Sadowsky c/o Dakin H. Hampshire College Joyce Sanger Peter Seidman Evan Stein Mindy Steiner Marc Turkel Michael Williams

4 Hidden Valley Dr. 19 Stuyvesant Oval 147 Broome Ave. 228 Terhune Rd. 215 Forest Ave. 3201 Univ. Blvd. W. 381 West End Ave. 49 Bennett Pl. 5 Harvey Ave. 65 Boxwood Rd. 273 E. Rockaway Rd. 3803 Montrose Drivwy. 378 Cochran Place 5 Briarwood Lane 136 W. Pinebrook Dr. 199 Bon Air Ave. 18 Deal Lane 720 Ft. Wash. Ave. 115-20 Mexico St.

Suffern, N.Y. 10901 354-7063 677-1278 N.Y., N.Y. 10009 Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509 371-1579 Princeton, N.J. 08540 921-6692 Lakewood, N.J. 08701 363-3338 Kensington, Md. 20795 949-9125 595-4599 N.Y., N.Y. 10024 Amityville, N.Y. 11701 264-3018 Rochelle Pk, N.J. 843-1830 Yonkers, N.Y. 10710 779-7797 Hewlett, N.Y. 11557 374-2631 657-4788 Chevy Chase, Md. 20015 Valley Stream, N.Y. 11581 791-7434 Amherst, Mass. 01002 542-4600 Woodstock, N.Y. 12498 679-9000 636-7072 New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804 New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804 NE2-0966 Livingston, N.J. 07039 992-0196 L08-4332 N.Y., N.Y. 10040 St. Albans, N.Y. 11412 528-9719

EIRINGENING

		Line C. Clad	MINISTER STATE
Ernst & Ilse Bulova	300 Central Park West	N.Y., N.Y. 10024	FN2-2702
Doris Adler	325 Villanova Rd.	Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830	482-2919
Raffael Adler	250 E. 105th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10029	876-1084
Janet Bailey	94 Lakeview St.	River Edge, N.J. 07661	487-7406
Donna Batwin	18 Ravine Rd.	Great Neck, N.Y. 11023 7961 Bergatreute, Germany	482-5717
Paul Bar	Am Pfaffenberg 16 10 Parsons St.		967-8390
Cindy Bartz		Bainbridge, N.Y. 13733 Kearney, N.J. 07032	991-3105
Clifford L. Bedford	40 Tappan St. 7 Lake Shore Drive		775-1187
Irwin & Roberta Berger		Brookfield, Conn. 06804	HA7-6302
Stanley Berke	205 E. 95th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10028	271-4790
Arn E. Bjorndal	197 Sherwood Ave.	Patterson, N.J. 07502	
Clifford Bedford	40 Tappan St.	Kearny, N.J. 07032	991-3105
Dale Bedford	40 Tappan St.	Kearny, N.J. 07032	991-3105
Robert Blumenson II	350 First Ave.	N.Y., N.Y. 10010	AL4-6064
Richard Bock	Via Quarate 11	Quarate, Antella, Firenze,	
Nina & Paul Bookbinder	150 W. 87th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10024	787-0217
Harry Bottomley	78 Cardinal Dr.	Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	
Howell Bramson	53 Soundview Dr.	Great Neck, N.Y. 11020	482-6006
Allen Braum	12 Mountain Rd.	New Milford, Conn. 06776	792-5469
Andrea Bryck	42 Edgemere Dr.	Searingtown, N.Y. 11507	MA1-7202
Ira Bryck	1707 Amherst	Buffalo, N.Y. 14214	4 1 gas 5 44
Steve Burzi	2280 Andrews Ave.	Bronx, N.Y. 10468	F04-0969
Michael Campbell	223 W. 79th St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10024	595-2816
Robert Carlin	228 Terhune Rd.	Princeton, N.J. 08540	921-6692
Leslie & Peter Chamberlain	FINE ARTS, State Univ.	Coll. New Paltz, N.Y.	257-2447
Laurie Beth Clark	1710 Ave. I	Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230	258-8273
Dean Crandall	93 Madison St. #1B	N.Y., N.Y. 10002	962-6589
Ken Dolan	2295 Andrews Ave.	Bronx. N.Y. 10468	367-3411
Brian Dougherty	21, Hardie Close, Maltby	,Rotherham, Yorkshire, S66 7J	S England
Leah Ehrlich	92 Joyce Road	Eastchester, N.Y. 10709	779-4940
Robert Epstein	Hampshire College	Amherst, Mass. 01002	542-4600
Sheldon Feldman	153-11 58th Ave.	Flushing, N.Y. 11355	IN3-7345
Wayne & Judy Felgar	1073 Bahama Drive	Marion, Ohio 43302	382-6406
A. Roberto Fern		Franklin Hall, Ithaca, N.Y.	
Robert K Ferris	20 Housman St.	Danbury, Conn. 06810	743-0736
Faul Fisher		. Queens Village, N.Y. 11427	Constitution Constitution
Bart Fraust	66-08 102 Street	Rego Park, N.Y. 11374	275-3671

Robert Gerstein Penny & Eli Goitein	3 7th Ave. 572 Atlantic Ave.	Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217	622-3672
Jeff Granoff	Shakespeare House	Univ. of Conn., Storrs, Conn	1.86-3901
Fred Greenberg	212 Woodside Ave.	Hasbrouck Hts., N.J. 07604	288-0557
Larry & Marion Guralnick	15 Mosshill Pl.	Stony Brook, N.Y. 11790	751-8830
Andrew S. Gutterman	27 Pondfield Pkwy.	Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552	668-3581
stiff an pe adopti man	2) I didiligid i keye	rice verion, No.10 10552	000-3301
Kim Hadden	3 Locust St.	Afton, N.Y. 13730	639-1602
Betsy Hennings	214 Hampton Rd.	Pittsburgh, Pa. 15215	781-4730
Mary Hennings	6230 5 Ave. Bldg D, Apt		
		0-1, -0-2, 2, 2, 2, 2	362-1945
Oscar Hijuelos	215 W. 83rd St.	N. Y., N. Y. 10024	799-8385
Bill Holden	23 Arton Croft	Erdington, Birmingham, Eng.	021-350-7266
Phyllis & Glen Hopkins	c/o 6300 Edward Dr.	Clinton, Md. 20735	868-2498
Peter Hudis	120-13 De Kruif Pl.	Bronx, N.Y. 10475	379-0814
Debby Hyde	2 Nutting Rd. #3	Cambridge, Mass. 02138	876-4594
Joe & Carol Jochnowitz	408 Summit Ave.	South Orange, N.J. 07079	763-9125
John & Anna Beth Kador	200 7 7		Application of the second
	300 W. Trinity #11	Durham, N. C. 27701	682-0943
Ben & Lucy Kanter	22 Millbrook Rd.	Wayland, Mass. 01778	358-7952
Bob Koppelman	55 Edgemere Dr.	Albertson, N.Y. 11507	621-1490
William Korff	309 W. 104 St.	N.Y., N.Y. 10025	749-4138
Kurt R. Kummer	743 W. Hamilton Ave.	State College, Pa. 16801	237-6031
TORREST AND SECTION			
Joseph G. Lalli	1342 S. 9th St.	Phila, Pa. 19147	HO5-7990
Willy Laraque	460 13th St.	Brooklyn, N. Y. 11215	768-6896
Larry & Monita Leavitt	601 Broad St.	Meriden, Conn. 06450	
Joseph London	c/o Columbia Univ.	116th St. & Broadway, N.Y.,	
	Yara Sanii ya Waxa	etypausi 24 not	
Jonathan Maisey	'Spread Eagle, 'Northcom	urt Rd., Abingdon, Berks OX141PI	, England
John Marshall	21 Verpleanck	Shippan Pt., Conn.	
Susan Mernit	Annandale on Hudson	N.Y. 12504	876-8316
Staciesue Mitnik	21 Kensington Rd.	Scaradale, N.Y.	GR2-4942
Ellen McGrath	1174 Cambridge St.	Cambridge, Mass. 02138	354-4785
Lawrence Newhouse	316 Utah N.E.	A Thomason Mark Marrier office	
Susan Nierenberg		Albequerque, New Mexico 87108	
	376 Maitland Ave.	Teaneck, N.J. 07666	837-6321
Marion Novick	1218 Birch St.	Uniondale, N.Y. 11553	IV3-6642
John Ohno	W. Pond Rd.	N. Branford, Conn.	488-2988
Tom Okada	11 Fort George Hill	N.Y., N.Y. 10040	WI2-1633
Leo Orenstein	19 Glenside Dr.	W. Orange, N.J. 07052	731-7614
32 3116 35 118	my amountains as a	no orange, noo 0/072	131-1014
Jack Pagan	1244 Manor Ave.	Bronx, N.Y. 10472	842-6223
Daniel Pearl	251-49 57th Ave.	Little Neck, N.Y. 11362	423-2294
David Perkins	The North Road	Princeton, N.J. 08540	921-7058
Don & Rita Pudell		East Meadow, N.Y. 11554	485-1067
	Name of the second seco	e Palest 1071 Helena	mal a segui
Andrew Quient	Box 66	Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542	671-6349
ASSESSED ASSESSED ASSESSED ASSESSED ASSESSED	50 . was steed to the	margoroff of	

Naomi Rabinowitz Elizabeth Reiner Hillary Resnick Judy Reuter Ethan Ries Lenard Rivlin Ron Roberts Karen Ross	Univ. Garden Apts 1356 Madison Ave. 602 21 St. NW 511 E Norman Ave. 27 Univ. Ave. c/o Juilliard School 1006 Edann Rd. 72 W. Fenimore St.	Wash., D.C. 20006 Arcadia, Calif. Hamilton, N.Y. 13346	876-4089 293-3299 446-3603 824-0706 TU7-5624 101-6131
Hank Sapoznik Gayle Saunders Peter Schmidt Jon Shenker Lou & Sybil Simon Bob Solomon Ronna Spacone Reva Stein Robert Steiner	1901 E. 51st St. 95 Thompson Ave. 77 Longview Ave. 85 Oakdale Lane 11 Ft. George Hill 325 E. 83rd St. 1115 Gleneagle Ct. 75 Bogert St. Clark Univ. (Educ.Dep	Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234 Oceanside, N.Y. 11572 Hackensack, N.J. 07601 Roslyn Hts., N.Y. 11577 N.Y., N.Y. 10040 N.Y., N.Y. 10028 Danville, Kentucky 404 Teaneck, N.Y. 07666 t.) Worcester, Mass. 01610 Norwich, Conn. 06360	258-4694 766-1785 343-9131 484-5767 107-1226 535-5952 TE73118
Tora Sterregaard Paul S. Taub Anne & Philip Tavalin Richard Thomas Hana Topor Michael Ubell	22 Goldberg Ave. 86 Virginia St. 647 E. 14th St. 285 S. Willard St. 54 E. 7th St. Box 647, Hampshire Co	Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580 N.Y., N.Y. 10009 Burlington, Vt. 05091 N.Y., N.Y. 10003	561-6570 0R7-3470 863-9257 475-8604 542-4600
Joe Wagner Victoria Wagner Jerry & Joan Walker Lisa Wanderman Rima Waskow Florence & Harold Wasserman Richard Wayne Gabriel Weiss Ira & Phyllis Weiss Mettie Whipple Pamela Winchester Jill Wisoff	902 Leland Ave. 902 Leland Ave. 66 Allenwood Rd. 1356 Madison Ave. 3 Burbury Lane 157 Ann Street 264 W. 77th St. 210 W. 101st St. 1363 Millwood Lane c/o Fisher 33 Tennend 115-8 Shadyside Terr. 56 Meadow Farm Rd.	Plainfield, N.J. 07062 Plainfield, N.J. 07062 Great Neck, N.Y. 11023 N.Y., N.Y. 10028 Great Neck, N.Y. 11023 Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580 N.Y., N.Y. 10024 N.Y., N.Y. 10025 No. Merrick, N.Y. 11566 Ct. Princeton, N.J. 08540 Smoke Rise, N.J. 07405 Manhasset Hills, N.Y. 11040	
Fred Yockers	403 Parkside Ave.	Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226	282-1106
Arnold & Ruth Zlotoff	175 B. 149 St.	Neponsit, N.Y. 11694	945-0232

Editor in Chief: Glenn J. Gers Managing Editor: John M. Braverman

Writers:

Anna Bag John Braverman Carol Bucholz Nancy Lynn Clark Ben Cohen Jonathan D. Cohen Mitchell Cohen Lewis B. Copulsky Elisa L. De Carlo Glenn J. Gers

Artists:

Emily Agree Leslie Barr Doug Cohn Mitchell Cohn Lorraine Gardner

Art assistance:

Mancy Lynn Clark

Production Workers:

Thomas Andres Steven Averbach Michael Azerrad Leslie Barr My Q. Belle Mike Bickerman Peter Brandon John Braverman Andy Bursten Carey Camazine

Lisa Gilcen Melissa Gould Joel Halpern Cary Hammer Nina Laden David Lida Marc Lida Bill Mayer Ellyn Plato Amy Prussack

> Glenn J. Gers Melissa Gould Dan Kaplan Marcy Kiel

Nina Laden Ell Langer Debbie Plofker Lesile Schwartz Margaret Krasilovsky Mirlam Stern

Staton Rabin

John Ravitz

Laurie Trupin

David Welss

Cliff Wachtel

Gail Wechsler

Ellen Relkin

Amy Rabinowtiz

Nancy Schauber

Elissa Marder

Nancy Clark Benjamin Cohen Lewis B. Copulsky Mark Davis Henry Oreifus Naomi Driesen Michael Feldmen Glenn J. Gers Joel Halpern Steven Hess

Leslie Schwartz

Danny Hyman Adam Jackson J. Jackson Robby Leffler Nina Laden Evan Lenhardt Lisa Lubell Steven Ludwig Eric Mandelbaum Roger Marris

Dennis Noskin John Ravitz Steven Odrich Jane Recant Caroline Packard Amy Prussack Steve Purnick Staton Rabin Amy Rabinowitz Jesse Aaron Rabinowitz Steven Sobelsohn Jeanne Rand

Ellen Relkin Geoffrey Roberts Mitchell Schear David Stedman Peter Stomanson Russel Steinberg Robert Zari

Matt Stern Neil Strickberger Laurie Trupin Chris Wangro David Weiss Michael Weisinger Andy Wise

Typists:

John Braverman Nancy Lynn Clark Lewis Copulsky

Glenn J. Gers Melissa Gould Amy Prussack

Staton Rabin

Thanks to Ellen McGrath for typing the Directory.

Divider Letters written by Glenn J. Gers and John Braverman

Divider lion by Dan Kaplan

Interview with Bill Korff Conducted by John Braverman

" Life at the Science Lab" by Jonathan D. Cohen

"Stratford" article by Glenn J. Gers

Thanks to everyone who worked on the Yearbook !

Advisors:

Coordinator: Irwin Berger

Production: Paul Bookbinder John Bickerman Laurie Kirschenfeld

Literary: Susan Mernit David Perkins Richard Carlin

Art and Design: Mettle Whipple Laurie Beth Clark

C.I.T.'s Lisa Lubell Geoffrey Rogers Mitch Schear Chris Wangro